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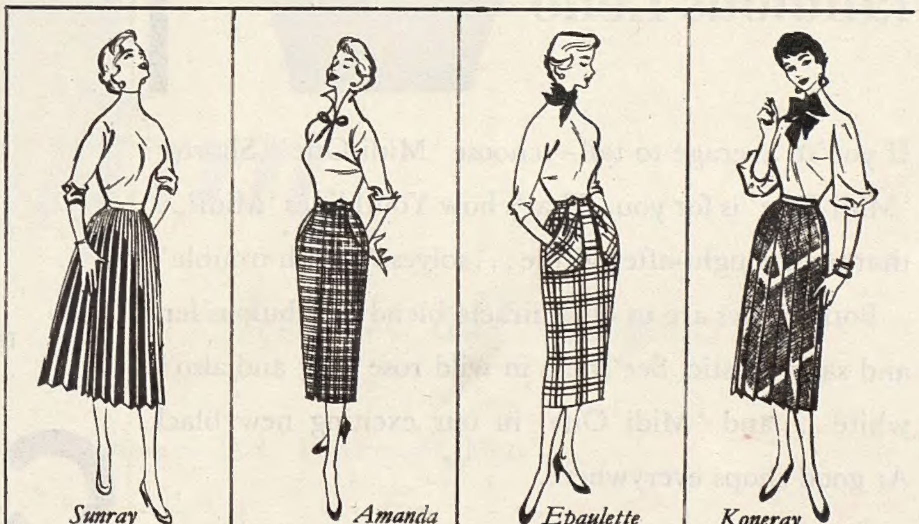

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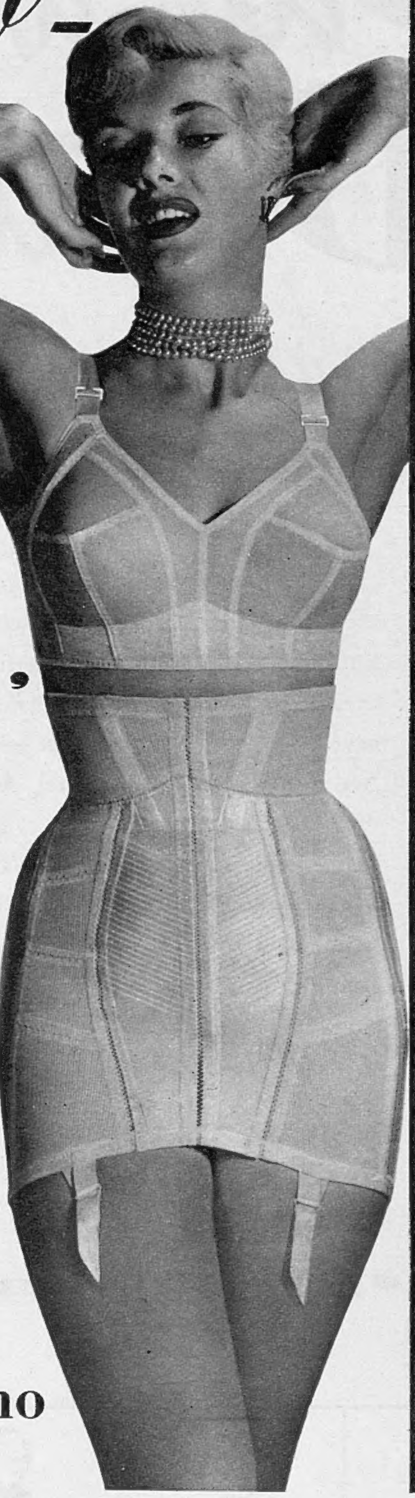

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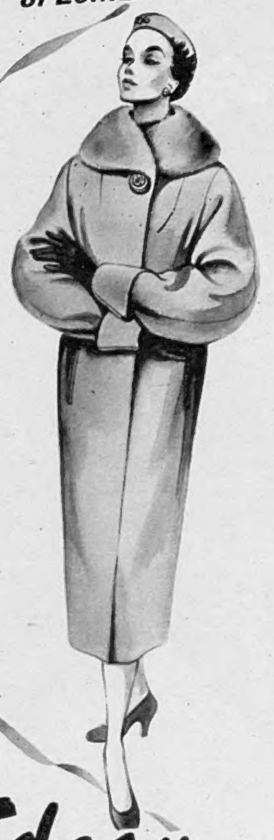

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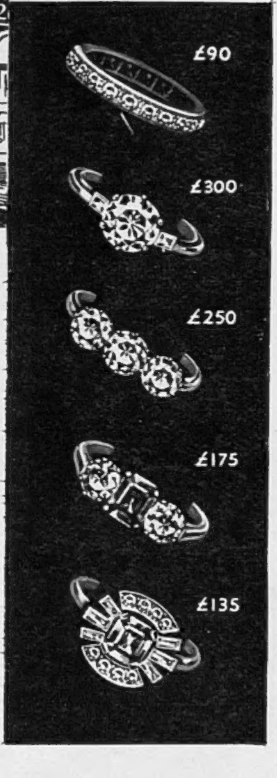

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The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1954.

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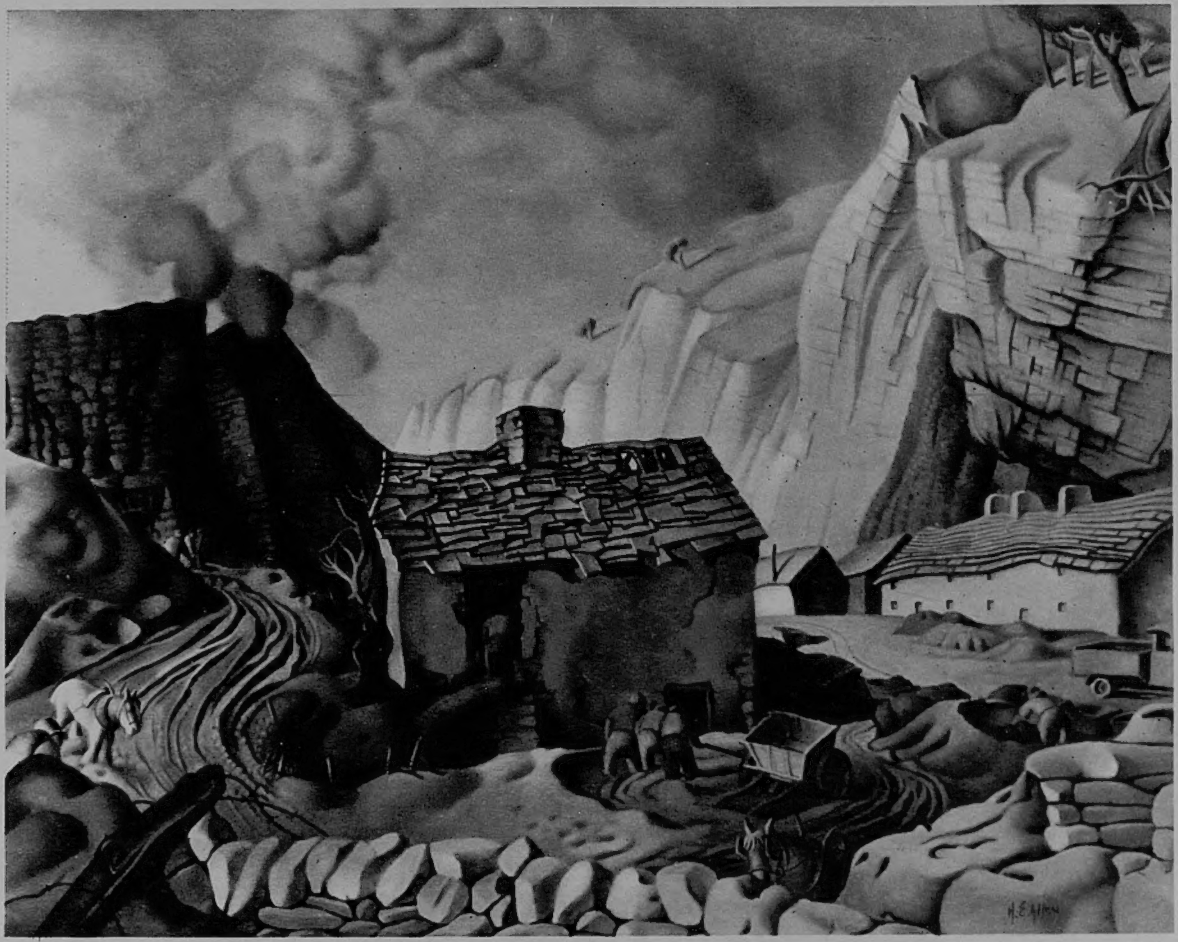
THE COUNTESS OF HADDINGTON

This delightful study of the youthful and very lovely wife of the twelfth Earl of Haddington was taken recently by Cecil Beaton. The Haddington family seat, Tyninghame, is in Prestonkirk, Haddingtonshire, but their home is at Mellerstain, in Gordon. Canadian-born Lady Haddington has two children : a schoolboy son, Lord Binnings, who will be thirteen in December, and the former Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton, whose wedding to Mr. Adrian Bailey earlier this year was attended by the Queen, the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret.



"BURNING LIMESTONE," by Harry E. Allen, R.B.A.

This water-colour is one of three examples—the other two are in oils—of Mr. Allen's easily-recognisable work in the Autumn Exhibition of drawings, paintings and sculpture at the Royal Society of British Artists' Gallery in Suffolk Street, which will remain open until October 9th.

Our Motley Notes

By TOBY O'BRIEN

THERE is going to be little comfort, except as far as the pheasants go, for the shooting-man this year. In Hertfordshire, we gave up for the season at lunch-time, after shooting six brace, nearly all old birds. This is a little hard, as for the last two seasons we had only shot the partridges two or three times in order to build up a good stock on what had previously been a first-class partridge shoot.

The tale from the moors seems to be much the same. At Lochindorb, on the Seafield Estates, where two or three years ago we shot—with some indifferent guns in the party—close on 500 brace in the week, they gave up at lunchtime this year at a brace-and-a-half. Still, it seems to have been patchy, and poorish moors have in some cases done surprisingly well. The grouse recovers its numbers much more speedily than the partridge, against whom the whole process of mechanical farming, bulldozing of hedgerows and insecticide-spraying heavily weights the scales. However, the hand-reared pheasants seem to have done pretty well in most districts, though the wild ones must have had a pretty rough time with the cold and the wet.

From the young shooter's point of view, the decline of the partridges and the wiping out of the rabbits by myxomatosis (that damnable disease, for which I still have a feeling we shall have to pay) is a disappointment, as the rabbit and the partridge are the best training for the young idea. I took part in an inexpensive marsh shoot in Essex this year, solely for the benefit of the young at the end of the summer and during the Christmas holidays. It was really one vast rabbit warren, with a few coveys of partridge. Now all the rabbits are horribly dead and the barren old birds must be left in the hope that next year they will be able to breed again.

TALKING of shooting, I was interested a few weeks ago, while staying with Comte Robert de Vogüe at his house near Epernay, in his black setters. He has a pair, the ancestors of which, he claims, came from Britain a couple of hundred years ago, and which are apparently excellent working dogs. The breed is rare in France, and I must confess that it is a new one on me.

Bob, who is head of Moët et Chandon, is one of the great figures in the champagne country. He was one of the heroes of the Resistance, and during the eighteen months after he was arrested, he spent some time in "all the best concentration camps," including Belsen and Buchenwald. His lovely wife (I found it impossible to believe the evidence of my eyes that she was a grandmother) had no idea that he was alive, until a British Intelligence officer, who found him in Belsen, broke Army Regulations and sent a message to her. (Incidentally,

can you imagine anything more silly than a security regulation which does not permit you to inform a wife that her husband is alive?) Bob came out of it minus a finger, but still his vigorous and active self—except for the fact that he can do no more than taste his own champagne.

At his house—a lovely, long, low affair—he has probably the finest collection of hunting and sporting prints and lithographs in the world. This is a post-war hobby, but it must do the shade of the late Mr. Ackerman good to see how admirably his products are displayed. Incidentally, the black setters are the only non-white creatures at Mareuilly-le-Port. He has white cats, a flock of white turkeys which is well known throughout France, and a large number of white fantail pigeons which looked delightful in the autumn sunshine.

In the cellars, where there are 18 *million* bottles in reserve—the italics and the happily boggling imagination are mine!—we had a bottle of '98 Moët, which was as fresh and distinguished as you could expect any well-preserved old lady to be. The oldest champagne I have ever drunk was a '93 in the same cellars before the war. The '93's, of which they still have some thousands of bottles, are, Bob tells me, now "beginning to feel their age"—which is perhaps not wholly surprising!

I SEE that somebody writing in *The Times* said recently that curiously, in spite of the weather, this has been a good year for butterflies, and recorded the capture of no fewer than two Purple Emperors, that noblest of all butterflies. The Purple Emperor is a strong flyer, and is extremely difficult to lure down from tree-tops—except with carrion. I remember, as a schoolboy, mildly scandalising a New Forest butcher by my request for some really rotten liver. I got it from him in the end, but a day's waiting over this grisly bait never brought its reward.

One magnificent specimen of a Purple Emperor has, however, lived and died in the heart of London. General George Johnson, the G.O.C. London District, found a caterpillar in the country and hatched it out in a basement below his offices in the Horse Guards. (Naval Lepidopterists should remember that any cracks about "Red Admirals having been seen emerging from their hibernation" a hundred yards or so away will be regarded as prejudicial to good order and discipline.)

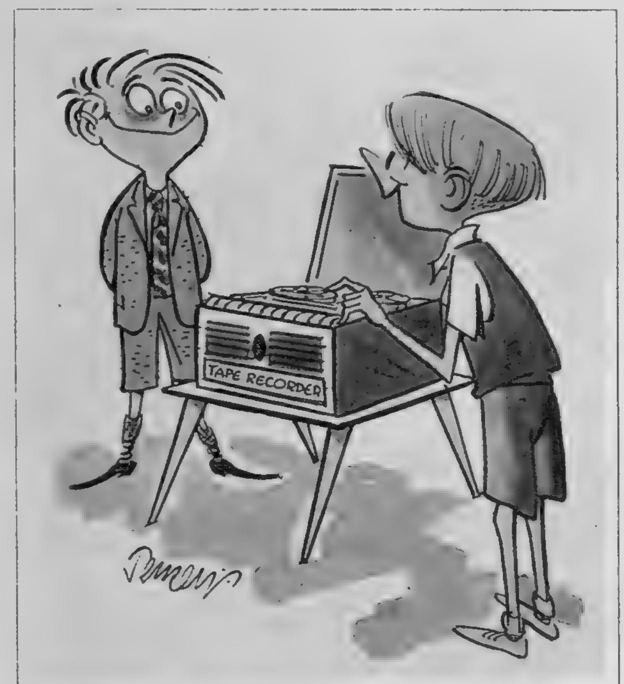
"Lepidopterism"—if that is the correct word—seems to be rife in the high military hierarchy. General Sir Gerald Templer is, I believe, another collector, as is Antony Head, the Secretary of State for War, who specialises, however, in some narrow field which at the moment escapes me.

I GAVE a farewell party the other day for my cousin, Grania O'Brien, who is off to Tokyo as social secretary to the Ambassador, Sir Esler Dening—a similar job to the one she did for Jock Balfour in Madrid. Sir Esler is a bachelor. This can either be an advantage or a disadvantage to an Ambassador. A good Ambassadress, such as, for example, Catherine Peake in Athens, or her enthusiastic predecessor "Peter" Norton, the wife of Sir Clifford Norton, can be of immense help to her husband, and to her country. (The tactful diversion of bores is by no means a small part of the job!) On the other hand, there are some ex-Ambassadresses now living whose activities have been so unfortunate that it is a wonder that our relations with the countries concerned were not permanently strained!

Sir Esler was one of the founder-members of the agreeable little dining club started by Berkeley Gage (who has just recently gone out to Siam as our Minister) in the early days of the war. It used to meet once a month on a Thursday, dined in the Carlton Grill, and consisted in those days only of Berkeley's friends. As it inevitably expanded, however, it transferred itself to Frascati's, and gradually lost all character. I do not even know whether it exists to-day.

Incidentally, the Carlton Grill used to give a great impression of protection from bombs and other untoward intrusions during the blitz. I used often to dine with Lord Lloyd at one of those alcove tables. It was not until after the war and the removal of the blackout that you realised that there was nothing between you and the *Luftwaffe* except blacked-out glass pavement lights!

THE Latin-American *corps diplomatique* in London has a great community of interest. At the reception given by the Venezuelan Ambassador and Madame Rodriguez-Travieso for Colonel L. F. Llovera Paez, I was discussing with two old Latin-American hands the many changes that have taken place in their ranks in the last two or three years. Previously at the parties given by Señor Moniz de Aragao, the Brazilian Ambassador, Don Manuel Bianchi, who so charmingly represented Chile, or their then colleagues, one met the same old friends over and over again. Now there have been many changes, and many unfamiliar faces.



"Now here 's the guff Dad gave me about the Bees and the Flowers."

Venezuela, which almost floats on oil and, therefore, is what is called "dollar account country," has a great interest for Britain. This accounted, no doubt, for an unusually strong Governmental turnout, including Duncan Sandys, the Minister of Supply, and my pseudo-namesake Toby Low, who has been one of the successes among the "new boys" in the Government, and has been deservedly promoted, and that intensely able young man, Sir Edward Boyle.

Britain's long friendship with Venezuela dates from the time 150 years ago when the "Liberators," Bolivar and Miranda, were in exile in London, and were supported by the Younger Pitt and his successors. Canning, of course, is a name to conjure with in Latin-American circles, but I always think that the Younger Pitt is not given perhaps the whole of his due. If at a later stage, Canning "brought in the New World to redress the balance of the Old," Pitt may be said earlier to have laid the foundations of the New World on empty port bottles in White's. For it was to that famous club that the statesman used to take Miranda almost nightly, where they discussed the future of what a historian once described somewhat equivocally as "Spain's revolting colonies." There is a plaque somewhere in the West End—Queen Street, I think—to commemorate the fact that Miranda lived there. It was a pleasant gesture, though the plaque might equally well have been affixed to the walls of White's.

I WAS pleased with the story of the kangaroo which went into a famous West End hotel and ordered a whisky-and-soda. When the drink was produced, he fumbled in his pouch and produced half-a-crown. Said the barman: "I am sorry, sir, but I am afraid it is five shillings." After reading the evening newspaper for a bit, the kangaroo ordered another one, producing a ten shilling note. The barman, as he brought the drink, said conversationally: "We do not get many kangaroos in this bar." To which the kangaroo replied acidly: "I 'm not surprised, seeing how much you charge for whisky!"

I am indebted to a doctor friend for a story which he tells me is an old one in his profession, but which is new to me:

A neurotic knows that 2 and 2 make 4, and hates it like hell.

A psychotic knows that 2 and 2 make 5, and doesn't give a damn!

"With joy abiding,
Together gliding."
Victoria Sladen as Princess Ida and Thomas Round as Prince Hilarion.

"And isn't your life extremely flat
With nothing whatever to grumble at?"
Peter Pratt as King Gama.

"PRINCESS IDA"

ANOTHER GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERA IS ADDED TO THE D'OYLY CARTE REPERTOIRE.

Mounted in grotesquely gorgeous sets and costumes by John Wade, *Princess Ida* has been added to the repertory at the Savoy Theatre. After its first week's run (now over), it will be played again on November 4th. Freighted, as it is, with dialogue in sometimes flat blank verse, it is not the lightest of the operettas, but it has a number of pleasant songs, not often enough played in tea-shops, and is ornamented with the voices of Victoria Sladen and Thomas Round (borrowed for the occasion from the Sadler's Wells Trust). The plot concerns the efforts of Prince Hilarion, plighted to Princess Ida in the cradle, to recover a bride who has inconsiderately locked herself away as Principal of an Institute for the Higher Education of Women. He is successful in this endeavour.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

"I'm indisposed for parleying
To fit the wit of a bit of a chit,
And that's the long and short of it."
Princess Ida and King Hildebrand (Fisher Morgan).

"Logic? Why tyrant man himself admits
It's waste of time to argue with a woman."
Melissa, the Lady Blanche (Ann Drummond-Grant), Princess Ida and Lady Psyche (Muriel Harding). These are the teaching staff of Castle Adamant.

"Oh, doughty sons of Hungary,
May all success Attend and Bless
Your warlike ironmongery."
The Princes fight King Gama's sons.

" Is this indeed a man ? "
Beryl Dixon as Melissa.

" On the whole we are Not intelligent."
The three sons of Gama. (John Banks, *left*, Donald Adams, and Trevor Hills.)

" So that a maid is fair to see,
Every maid is the maid for me."
Cyril (Leonard Osborn), Hilarion and Florian (Jeffrey Skitch).

" But although I try to make myself as pleasant as I can,
Yet everybody says I am a disagreeable man ! "
Peter Pratt as King Gama, his three warlike sons to one side of him, has arrived at the court of King Hildebrand to explain why his daughter wil not marry Hildebrand's son.

Strictly Biographical: 17.

By Louis T. Stanley

Alfred Noyes

THE signs of tradition and of loving discrimination exercised over many years in conditions of security, soothe and delight the visitor to Lisle Combe, in the Isle of Wight. It is the perfect shell for a poet's sensibility. Its charm can hardly escape anyone; so quiet, dignified, and *gemütlich* it is, within, without. The grounds blend into the sub-tropical Undercliff, well away from Farringford, but very close to the landscape of Tennyson's poetry. There, in our kitchen-midden world, Alfred Noyes lives with the immunity of a mystic. By that I do not mean that his art has no relation to the world about him, that he is, as we inelegantly say, an "escapist." He is perhaps the least mystical of poets who have concerned themselves with the inner life. Mysticism would shatter his world; it is not the mystical world which attracts him, but a very different thing, the mysterious—that is to say, whatever in life fascinates by being hidden, ambiguous, illusive and hard to understand.

Noyes was born with a love of words. He is one of the most distinguished survivors of a generation that was formed in the 'nineties or earlier, and came to maturity before 1914. At the beginning of this century English poetry was in a state of ebb. Browning and Tennyson had gone; Swinburne and Meredith had reached that veteran stage from which poetry rarely finds great expression. Of those who came to the fore, Abercrombie and Binyon do not seem to have left lasting impressions. Edward Thomas and Rupert Brooke were, in one sense, made by the First World War, whilst Yeats survived as a reconstituted post-war poet. The names that stand out as the greatest representatives of the specifically English tradition at that period are Thomas Hardy, Walter de la Mare and Alfred Noyes.

In the case of Noyes, I add to his love of words yet another. The Sibyl's writing is on leaves which the winds scatter, but memory flies after them and catches and collects them. I think it was because Noyes has seen so many things in human nature and the world that he does not wish to be forgotten, or to forget that, to our great gain, he became a poet and writer. He has created his own world dyed through and through with his imagination. He has blown great comprehensive iridescent bubbles, in which the human beings he describes, though they have, of course, a recognisable resemblance to real people, only attain in that world their full reality. They exist in a medium which is not the atmosphere we ordinarily breathe. When we speak of the reality of such worlds, we only mean that we have been successfully beguiled. We are really paying homage to the shaping imagination of their creator. Noyes' work is full of delicately observed actualities. He has the faculty of analysing his impressions, of going into them not only far, but, as they say in Norse fairy-tales, "far and farther than far."

The appeal of poetry—of pure poetry—is direct. I might even say it is magical. It impinges on the senses through the immediate impact of visual and auditory images. The visual images are literally seen, if only by the inward eye; the auditory images, embroidered in words, are literally heard, like notes of music. Those who value poetry as an expression of life find richness in the poems of Alfred Noyes. They are easy and diffuse, not tightly knit. Graceful and vivid, their charm lies with the close relation to spontaneous emotion, and the ease with which that moment of emotion finds an outlet in fluent, dignified English. So it happens that without committing his verses to memory as poetic treasures, lines that Noyes has written recur to one as the simplest vehicle of some thought or sentiment. The sheer joy of life bursts through the closing stanzas of *The Swimmers' Race*:

Now to their feet they leap and with a shout
Plunge through the glittering breakers without fear,
Breast the green-arching billows, and still out,
As if each dreamed the arms of Hero near.
Now like three sunbeams through the surf they dart.
Now like three foam-flakes melting out of sight,
They are one with the infinite splendour of the sea;
Buried in Beauty's heart;
Lost in a myriad waves of mystic light
As life is lost in immortality.

Noyes personifies the difference between a creatively imaginative work and work which is the product of intelligence. Intelligence is a modest selective faculty; it borrows and envies "this man's skill and that man's scope"; it can achieve wonders, but it cannot do one thing . . . it cannot create that unity of apprehension which is the life-breath of an inspired poem . . . it can never create supreme moments of poetry, inspired in every syllable and accent, such as can be found in the deeply suggestive lines of the *Aphrodite of Melos*, in which, as Edward Thomas said, the "physical and spiritual are perfectly mingled in significance. . . ."

Eternal Beauty, even on earth revealed,
Above Time's girdling mists thou still canst show
This radiant prophecy of the great new dawn,
The sculptured breasts, each like a soft white shield,
And the firm body like a slope of snow
Out of the slipping dream-stuff half withdrawn.

The words are remarkable for revealing delicacy. Noyes has harnessed winged horses to the heavy car of prose. Every line he writes, whether you like it or not, shows a love of his craft you must respect. On occasions critics have said that much of Noyes's work is limited. Others find the range of his work exceptionally varied and refer to *Drake*, his longest single poem, marked perhaps with a certain floridity; or put forward the simpler dignity of his completed trilogy, *The Torch-Bearers*. But there are moments when the scale is miniature. It is the lyric, not the epic. It is Chopin, not Wagner. Those who demur should remember that the greatest truth is ever spoken in a still small voice.

There are times when Noyes is the most masculine of our poets, when his style and rhythms lay stress on the naked thew and sinew of the English language as in the imagined horrors of *Lucifer's Feast*, and the grimly realistic pictures like *In a Railway Carriage* and *An East End Coffee Stall*. Occasionally a note creeps in suggestive of Hardy's crisp but coarse homespun; then Noyes switches to the land of faery, that realm of the fourth dimension lying all about us, yet unexplored except by the poet. . . .

How true it is that a stormy age is incomplete without at least one poet who sits by himself and cares only for his craft! It is a thought which in our time we may reserve for the poet of Tennyson's isle. William James once said that the great use of a life is to spend it for something that outlasts it. Alfred Noyes lives that faith.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Harold White.

THE EXPULSION : By E. Box.

LA PETITE FILLE A LA POUPEE : By Henri Rousseau.

SUNDAY PAINTERS

"Sunday painting" is the work of artists who have had no painting lessons, and who generally begin in whatever time they can snatch from other work : Henri Rousseau, the most famous, was a Customs officer. An exhibition of such work at the I.C.A. Gallery in Dover Street will run until October 9th, and is drawn from collections all over the country. It includes work by Rousseau and Peyronnet of France, and Wallis and Box of England, as well as three pictures by Frederick Buckett of Battersea, who has not yet held an exhibition of his own.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON : By Colette Beleys.

THE DEATH LETTER : By Harvey Kruger.

Members of the Speleological Society, dressed as Ancient Britons, gnawed at bones in the Chislehurst Caves, Kent.

Brian Sell and Joan Adye.

SPELEOLOGICAL INTERLUDE

Nobody ate the edible fungi at a dinner given by the Speleological Society in the Chislehurst Caves, Kent, at the end of last month. The Society (which is devoted to cave-exploration) wanted to show its younger members how the Ancient Britons lived, so ten older members, attractively dressed in sheepskin liberty bodices, gnawed apprehensively at raw bones and, with a fine disregard for period, drank mead from horns. "A dog got to *my* bone before *I* could," said Miss Judith Palmer to our photographer, and there was a dog, sure enough—a Pyrenean Mountain Dog, one of the oldest breeds known—posing for the photographers (who outnumbered the Ancient Britons). The dinner was organised by Mr. Charles Quarrell, the Society's Secretary.

Judith Palmer.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Harold White.

Our Bookshelf

FIFTY YEARS OF PETER PAN. By Roger Lancelyn Green. (*Peter Davies ; 21s.*)

THE POODLE ROOM. By Kate Mary Bruce. (*Wm. Heinemann Limited ; 10s. 6d.*)

COLLECTED POEMS. Frances Cornford. (*The Cresset Press ; 10s. 6d.*)

Reviewed by G. B. Stern

AS a nation, we are apt to cherish certain precious but rather eccentric possessions which cause our more adult neighbours on the Continent to wonder at our infantilism ; such as the original manuscript of *Alice*, sold for an enormous price to the U.S.A., and then courteously returned to us in gratitude for keeping Hitler at bay while they prepared for war.

Less tangible, and perhaps even more mysterious, is our stubborn adhesion to the immortality of *Peter Pan*, now in its half-centenary ; confirming a statement once made by Mr. Rudyard Kipling, that "*Allah created the English mad, the maddest of all mankind.*" Yet it may be easy enough to explain, even without recourse to a psycho-analyst's case-book ; for we all know that Peter Pan, the boy who would not grow up, stands for a fundamental unwillingness to renounce childhood, a trait chiefly to be found in England and America, where "he's just a boy at heart !" is spoken with an indulgent, not an exasperated inflexion.

It is clear, however, that no irresponsible Peter Pan could have been responsible for the creation of Peter Pan, and that we should this year and every year gladly pay tribute to the genius of his being and his remaining ; such tribute is Mr. Roger Lancelyn Green's altogether fascinating volume of pure research into Peter Pannery, whence it came, how it grew, and why it stays. Perhaps his most provocative discovery gives us a chance to compare Barrie's own *Scenario for a Proposed Film of Peter Pan* (published now for the first time) with the stage directions in his plays, and to marvel at the difference ; for the latter are often winsome enough to make a strong man squirm in agony, yet in most of his film scenario Barrie's wording is terse, practical and completely down-to-earth. . . . Had you interrupted him with the offer of a thimble, the odds are you would have been coldly snubbed !

The writer of *Fifty Years of Peter Pan* is himself no blind idolator of whimsy ; and once he has indicated that he can see straight on that subject, our minds are set at rest for peculiar enjoyment of the first half of the book, before it passes on into a well-documented chronicle with sun-ripe anecdotes of the Peters and Wendys and Lost Boys, the Indians and Pirates and Darlings, in each all-star production between 1904 and 1953, long before most of them were conscious, so to speak, of their all-stardom.

The Boy from Kirriemuir . . . Sentimental Tommy . . . The Little White Bird . . . slowly developing through autobiography into fantasy, until at last, jotted down in Barrie's notebook, an idea for a Fairy Play, which a couple of years later was to materialise as that amazing, wholly unpredictable first night at the Duke of York's Theatre.

Let me add one more testimonial to the potency of Barrie magic. In 1944 a couple of Guards officers, tall and splendid, dropped in to see *Peter Pan* during their last leave before being sent abroad ; remarking in lordly fashion that they might as well, they hadn't seen it since they were kids ! Presently they began to cry . . . and all through the play wept uncontrollably, stared at with profound interest by dozens of children around them in the stalls ; indeed, one small inquisitor twisted round in his seat and knelt with his back to the stage in order to miss nothing. It had better be related that the subsequent gallant behaviour of both officers on the field of battle bore no relation whatsoever to their odd breakdown when confronted with a strange boy flying in through the window of the Darlings' night-nursery.

MRS. KATE MARY BRUCE has recently added *The Poodle Room* to her output of delightfully readable novels. *The Poodle Room* is the saga of a family, chiefly set in the 'nineties and Edwardian periods, but beginning and ending with the present generation, when Mrs. Bruce shows her quick intuitive sympathy with the contemporary young. Yet it is the Edwardian era she woos and wins like a lover ; and Laura, her heroine, an enchanting uninhibited personality, has it all her own way from start to finish ; moving easily from one decade to the next, right up to the irony of the last chapter, conceived on a slant of mischief made plausible by her frank impenitence ; an ending as unexpected as the *dénouement* of a good thriller.

All the characters in *The Poodle Room* reveal themselves less by explanation than in dialogue : "*Among our earthen lot, some could articulate and others not*" . . . so it may perhaps sound ungracious to wish now and then for some stern uncle's ruling that only one page in four should "look like people talking" (which a child of my acquaintance once pointed out as a desirable feature in story-books). Nevertheless, if you are in a mood for entertainment, sometimes nostalgic, often pictorial, and always sharpened by shrewd penetration of human motive and failure, remember that we are not usually put off a good cook by hearing that she has a light hand with an omelette.

HOW we quote poetry over and over again without even such insufficient gratitude as knowing the poet's name !

Magnificently unprepared
For the long littleness of life . . .

Until just now when I lit upon these lines in *Collected Poems*, by Frances Cornford, I had never even realised they were hers ; indeed, I am ashamed to confess that hitherto my memory's only other association was from various anthologies that included her poem beginning :

O why do you walk through the fields in gloves,
Missing so much and so much ?
O fat white woman whom nobody loves . . .

which I had always viewed as a warning not to jump to conclusions without verifying whether a loveless existence were a necessary corollary to sartorial correctness.

Apart from my objection to this triolet, all Mrs. Cornford's shorter poems prove her rare and exquisite talent for folding an essential truth into the smallest possible parcel, sometimes delivering character and beauty and sadness by less than half a line ; as of a swan moving "*in proud insulted thought,*" and on the death of a pet marmoset : "*the tiny tropic heart has throbbed enough*" ; "insulted" and "tropic" perfect in their context. An epitaph should seem unlaboured and tender as "*For Charlotte Brontë in Haworth Church Yard,*" but she also uses it in mockery and the wish to slay, as in "*Epitaph for a Reviewer*" :

I hope to meet my Maker brow to brow
And find my own the higher.

The counties of England will always lay a blessing on their celebrants ; and Frances Cornford's longer lyrics brim over with the deep contentment of homecoming to the country around Cambridge, thankful for the power to perceive and express its quality—"*whole as an apple, and kind as a friend.*" If I had to make one choice among the *Collected Poems*, however, I believe it would hover between the quiet philosophy contained in "*A Back View*" and the sudden revelation of horror in "*The True Evil.*" . . . Why is it that whenever we try to whittle down our selection to one favourite, we never end up by less than two ?

ANGRAVE'S ALPHABET

T for Trespasser

(*One who is unresponsive to the charms of the female coiffure*)

Photograph by Cecil Beaton.

THE KNIGHT AND THE WATER-SPRITE

Britain's own elfin, adorable Audrey Hepburn was married to American actor Mel Ferrer on September 25th in a tiny chapel overlooking Lake Lucerne, in Switzerland. It was a very quiet wedding, but her mother, Baroness Ella van Heemstra, was there, and Audrey was given away by Sir Neville Bland, former British Ambassador to Holland. It was a first marriage for Audrey, fourth for Mel Ferrer, who played the knight with whom she—as a water-sprite—fell in love, in the highly successful Broadway production of *Ondine*.

Our Social Diary

"Nelson" Première

IN London the autumn season has begun with several new productions in the world of art and theatre, and a number of distinguished people were at Sadler's Wells for the world première of Lennox Berkeley's opera, *Nelson*. This is the composer's first full-length operatic work, and the theme is Nelson's struggle between his sense of duty and his love for Emma Hamilton. I enjoyed the music, which reaches a climax of feeling at Nelson's death in the *Victory*, and I particularly admired the clear singing and fine acting of Miss Anna Pollak in her brief appearance as the unhappy Lady Nelson. At the end of the opera Lennox Berkeley, together with Alan Pryce-Jones, who wrote the libretto, received a great ovation from the audience.

Many of us went on afterwards to the supper-party given by the Hon. James Smith at the Savoy for members of the cast and the production. Lady Churchill was there with the Austrian Ambassador and Mme. Wimmer. Others present were the American Ambassador and Mrs. Aldrich, Viscount and Viscountess Moore, Sir Kenneth and Lady Clark, and Lady Birley, who was looking most attractive in a pink corduroy velvet evening coat. At the party I had supper at a table which included Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones, the Duchess of Buccleuch, who was wearing the most beautiful necklace of turquoise set in diamonds with matching ear-rings, Mr. Hamish Hamilton, Lady d'Avigdor - Goldsmid, Mr. Frederick Ashton, Mrs. Ian Fleming and Mr. Felix Kelly, who had designed the sets for the opera. Other people I saw included Mr. George Devine, who produced the opera, Sir Leigh Ashton, Lady Bonham-Carter and Miss Olga Lynn.

The Oban Ball

THERE was the wildest of West Highland weather for the Argyllshire Gathering, punctuated by torrential rain, and a wind which eventually reached gale force. Nevertheless, the clans forgathered in strength, Campbells naturally being in the ascendant with their Chief, the Duke of Argyll, as president of this time-honoured highlight of the Scottish season. He and the Duchess came over from Inveraray Castle the evening before the Games, when rival attractions included a Gaelic concert presided over by Sir Charles Maclean of Duart, Chief of the Clan Maclean, and the reel practice party given by the Countess of Mansfield and Lady Flavia Anderson. Sir Charles and Lady Maclean gave a small sherry party at Duart before the Gathering, but they spend practically the entire year on Mull with their young son and daughter.

No one worked harder before the Ball than Mrs. Ian Stewart, who arranged the masses of flowers in the sitting-out rooms at the Gathering Hall. The ballroom, with its crimson-covered dais and walls festooned with clan banners and shields, made a fine setting for the occasion. Two of the most striking dresses were worn by the Duchess of Argyll and Miss Fiona Campbell-Walter; both wore crinolines, the Duchess's being in lime-green. Her daughter, Miss Frances Sweeny, was in pale pink and was making her preliminary social début before going to Paris for a final term at a finishing-school. Miss Campbell-Walter's black dress was embroidered with jet beads; her sister Sheila was also at the Ball.

Other guests included the Captain of Dunstaffnage, who was sitting-out with Mrs. Marjorie Bullough, Colonel Robert Campbell-Preston of Ardchattan, and his wife, who was wearing a most beautiful diamond necklace; Mr. Jack Stewart-Clark, who was dancing with his pretty sister Norina, and the Hon. Mrs. David James and her husband, who had come over from Torosay Castle, on the island of Mull. Also Colonel and Mrs. Edward de Winton Wills who had come from Glen Lyon, in Perthshire, where they always spend the early autumn at a shooting-lodge on Sir Ernest Wills' Meggernie Castle estate, and the former's daughter, Viscountess Savernake and her husband.

THE QUEEN MOTHER inspected the 2nd Battalion, The Black Watch at Crail, Fifeshire, before they left for British Guiana. Her Majesty is seen leaving the parade ground.

Le Touquet

AT Le Touquet the Westminster Hotel was filled with visitors who, like myself, had come over to enjoy the last week-end of the season. I had not visited this attractive little holiday resort since before the war, and was delighted to find that it had retained all its former charm. This, too, despite the weather's behaving in a fashion which I can only describe as "British," but perhaps this was a compliment to the number of us that were there!

On Sunday night the festivities ended with a gala in the Casino which was a very gay affair. At midnight a gong sounded and curtains at the end of the room parted to disclose a wonderful buffet supper set out and presided over by chefs in their traditional caps. Champagne flowed, and for a little while it almost seemed that gambling had lost its spell! Two of the prettiest women there were Lady Willoughby de Broke and Mrs. Michael de Pret-Roose, whose husband has started training this season under National Hunt rules. Lord Willoughby de Broke had left the previous day. Others enjoying the week-end were Mr. and Mrs. James Dance with their daughter Angela, Mr. and Mrs. Alan Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. Toby Waddington and Brig. and Mrs. Fairfax-Ross.

Looking Younger

I WENT to a very enjoyable cocktail party given by Lady Daphne Straight at the Dorchester for Mr. Gayelord Hauser. I have not yet studied the principles expounded by the author of *Look Younger, Live Longer*, but I understand that a centre is being opened in London shortly and I shall certainly do so then. In the meantime, I must confess that I preferred the cocktails that were served at the party out of gold-topped bottles to the carrot-juice that was also being handed round! People I saw included Mrs. Gerald Legge, looking very pretty in

PERTH RACES. One of the most popular of the Northern meetings, the races at Scone Park are always extremely well attended. *Left:* The Hon. Sir Maurice Drummond with Mrs. Stewart-Stevens. *Right:* Mrs. Kenneth Hunter, her daughter Lady Munro of Lindertis, and Major Knox Finlay. *Below, right:* The Hon. Caroline Barrie with her fiancé, Captain John Baillie-Hamilton.

a flame-coloured organza dress; Mr. and Mrs. Morley Kennerley with their daughter Diana; Lord Duncannon, Sir Brian and Lady Mountain, the latter wearing a lovely platinum mink stole; the Earl of Dudley and his son, the Hon. Peter Ward, with Miss Clare Baring.

Paris Opera Ballet

FROM the party at the Dorchester I went on to Covent Garden for the opening performance of the Paris Opera Ballet. This is the Company's first visit to London and during the fortnight they are here, the Sadler's Wells Ballet will perform at the Paris Opera House. Of the four ballets on this particular evening, I enjoyed *Le Palais de Cristal* most of all, though the setting and costumes of *Tableau des Fleurs* from *Les Indes Galantes* were the most beautiful in any ballet I have seen. The latter was first performed at the Opera in Paris in 1735. I also thought that the orchestra, conducted by M. Robert Blot, reached new heights in their playing.

Mme. Massigli, wearing an oyster satin dress and a mink jacket, was in the Royal box and was accompanied by M. de Moustiers, the French Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and representing the French Government, and the Earl and Countess of Bessborough, and Lord and Lady Harvey. Other people in the audience included Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, Viscount and Viscountess Moore, Lady Pamela Berry, who was wearing a very striking dress of crimson brocade, Lady Joanna Lambart with Mr. Gerald Bridgeman, the Comte and Comtesse de Crouy Chanel, and M. and Mme. Maurice Lehmann.

Dance at the May Fair

AFTER leaving Covent Garden I looked in at the May Fair, where the second of the private subscription dances for young people to be held there this year was taking place. Elizabeth, Countess of Bandon, was again the hostess, and her daughter, Lady Jennifer Bernard, who is a member of the committee, had a party of friends for the dance. This included Miss Stella Wood, looking very attractive in pale blue, her brother, Mr. John Wood, and Mr. Peter Brittain. The Countess of Listowel brought her niece, Miss Edina de Marffy-Mantuano, and, when I arrived, was watching the dancing, which included reels and the even more energetic Charleston! Many débutantes of the past summer were at the dance, including Miss Tatania Orloff-Davidoff, looking very pretty in a dress of white satin, the Hon. Crystal Russell, and Miss Carina Boyle, whom I saw dancing with Mr. Richard Tatham. Others enjoying the evening were Lady St. John of Bletso, who was up on a fleeting visit from Somerset, Miss Fanny Argenti, the Earl of Brecknock, Miss Beverley Snyder, and Mr. Timothy Thornton.

Le Bal La Vie en Rose

THE DUCHESS OF ARGYLL was chairman of the very successful ball, *La Vie en Rose*, which was held at the Dorchester in aid of the Infantile Paralysis Fellowship. This voluntary organisation does wonderful work for the people who have been left with the disabilities often incurred through the disease—training them when possible in self-supporting occupations, and helping those who are friendless and alone.

The highlight of the evening was the parade at midnight of a collection of clothes by Jacques Fath shown by the designer's own mannequins, who came over from Paris especially for the occasion. There were also prizes for lucky programmes, and these were drawn by the Duchess, who looked very lovely in a sheath-like dress of black velvet. At the tombola Lady Ogilvy, who was deputy-chairman, proved herself an expert saleswoman, and by midnight nearly all the prizes had gone. She and her husband, Lord Ogilvy, dined with the Duke and Duchess of Argyll at their table, and their other guests were the Earl and Countess of Perth, Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, the Countess Cadogan, and the Hon. Henry Lumley-Savile.

People who brought parties to the dance included H.E. the Nepalese Ambassador, Viscount and Viscountess Savernake, Lady (Elena) Bennett, Dr. and Mrs. Leonard

Simpson, Mrs. Graham Rowlandson and Sir Simon and Lady Marks. Other people I saw during the evening were the Vicomtesse d'Orthez, who was dancing with Mr. Billy Wallace; Mrs. John Ward, looking very pretty in a black lace dress with a wide velvet sash; Mr. and Mrs. Reresby Sitwell, and the Hon. Robin and Mrs. Warrender.

Forthcoming Events

A Dior Dress Show at Blenheim Palace: Princess Margaret will be present at the showing of Christian Dior's Paris Winter Collection to be held at Blenheim Palace on November 3rd. Proceeds of the show will go to the British Red Cross Society.

Lord's Taverners' Ball: The Duke of Edinburgh will attend the Ball held in aid of the National Playing Fields Association at Grosvenor House on October 18th. Tickets may be obtained from Lady Beddoe-Rees, Flat 20a, 140, Park Lane, W.1.

A Grand Bazaar: The Countess of Harewood will open the Bazaar which is being held in aid of the British Epilepsy Association at Caxton Hall, Westminster, S.W.1, on Thursday, October 28th.

Helena

HERE AND THERE

THREE-DAY INTERNATIONAL HORSE TRIALS AT HAREWOOD.

THE second year of the Three-Day International Horse Trials saw them held again in the park at Harewood, by kind permission of the Princess Royal, who attended the event and presented the trophy and rosettes to the winners.

On the first day, the cold and windy weather did not favour the dressage, first phase of the trials. This was followed on the second day by a two-and-a-quarter-mile steeplechase over part of the Bramham Moor Hunt's point-to-point course, and about four miles and a quarter across country; and on the third day by show-jumping.

Miss P. Molteno, whose picture, with her mare *Carmena*, is seen on the opposite page, was the winner after having been second last year. A crowd of 20,000 was there on the last day, and Captain W. J. Frisby was second with his mare *Epijune*.

H.R.H. the Princess Royal and Brigadier P. E. Bowden-Smith.

Lord Irwin and Major Ward-Harrison.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT WITH OLD VIC PLAYERS.

The Duchess of Kent was present at the backstage celebrations after the première of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. H.R.H. is seen with Moira Shearer and Stanley Holloway. Sir Roger Makins is on the extreme left with Robert Helpmann. Hugo Rignold and Eliot Makehan are on the far right.

AT A HAPSBURG CHRISTENING.

The family group at the christening of the twin daughters of Archduke Otto Von Hapsburg, Michaela and Monica, includes the Duchess of Saxony-Meiningen (holding Michaela), Archduke Otto with his year-old daughter Andrea Maria, the former Empress Zita (holding Monica), the Princess of Waldburg-Zeil, and the Archbishop of Graz.

THE GARRISON BALL AT BICESTER.

The annual Garrison Ball was held in the Garrison Theatre, Craven Hill Camp, at Bicester. The guests numbered more than 300, and were received by Brigadier and Mrs. Hildreth. Dancing, which included reels, continued until the early hours of the morning. Our picture shows some of the guests. Major C. L. Crew, Southern Command, Mrs. W. Gardner, Major P. H. Massey, Mrs. Crew and Major W. Gardner.

BI-CENTENNIAL CAPTAIN OF ST. ANDREWS.

Lord Bruce of Melbourne drives from the first tee at St. Andrews Golf Course to play himself in as Captain of the Club during its bi-centenary year. Afterwards, the caddies of the club scrambled for the ball on the first fairway, and the winning caddie, William Deas, received the traditional sovereign from the new Captain.

Mrs. Weldon, Major F. W. C. Weldon, and Mr. R. A. Brown.

Miss P. Molteno with her mare *Carmena*.

Lieut.-Colonel D. Stewart, Major Burke, Colonel Trevor Horn and Colonel Henry Abel-Smith.

Mrs. Gerard wearing an unusual hat.

Reg Parnell, who drove a Ferrari in the Goodwood Trophy.

King Feisal of Iraq recording the occasion.

INTERNATIONAL SPORTS CAR RACING AT GOODWOOD.

The closing meeting at Goodwood was a particularly memorable one, not only by reason of first-class racing, but for the advent of Mr. G. A. Vandervell's *Vanwall Special*, which was promptly hailed as the first real post-war British racing design capable of giving us victory in the international field. Driven by P. Collins, the *Vanwall Special* was a brisk second in the Goodwood Trophy, which was won by Stirling Moss in a Maserati, the fastest car of its type in existence. Other events included the Madgwick Cup, won by F. R. Gerard in a Cooper Bristol ; the Woodcote Cup, which P. Collins won in a *Ferrari Thinwall Special*, and the Sports Car Races A and B, both of which were won by R. Salvadori, the former in a Maserati and the latter in a Jaguar. King Feisal of Iraq, who was a spectator, is pictured here, together with three of the drivers.

R. F. Salvadori in a Maserati.

Stirling Moss, the winner of the Goodwood Trophy.

AT THE THEATRE with J. C. TREWIN

A Sharp Whiff of Greasepaint

TERENCE RATTIGAN has never been the kind of man to look down upon the theatre; to protest that he is just trying his hand, as an amateur, at the odd business, and that he would be quite happy to let someone pull his little play together. Not in the least: he is a professional of professionals. He writes in greasepaint; but the script is copper-plate. We have no better example on the English stage of a craftsman who knows what he wants to do, and who goes on to do it.

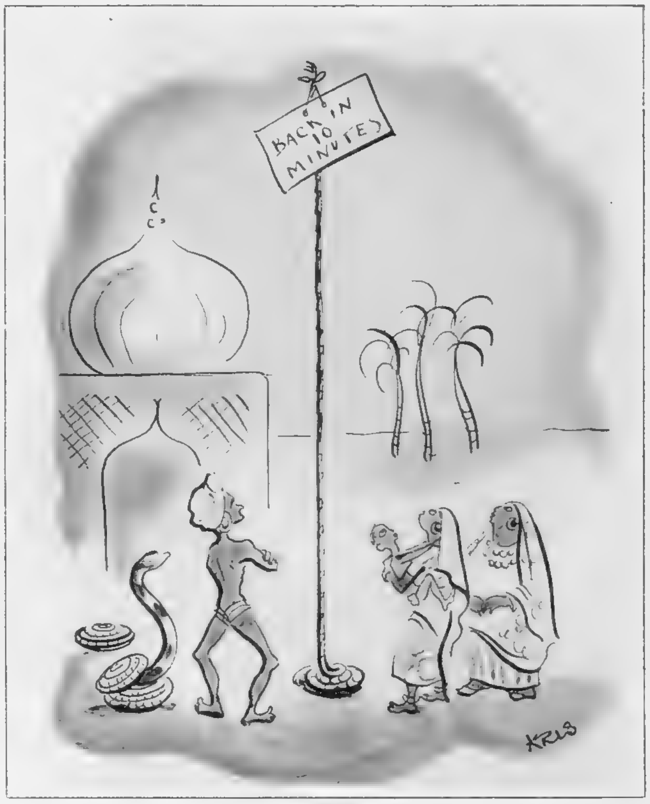
Splendid; but it does not always mean that he is writing for posterity. Now and then, as in *The Deep Blue Sea* and *The Browning Version*, he has brought off, triumphantly, something that will live. In *Separate Tables* he seems to me to be, as usual, acutely professional, but without much added inspiration. I would hesitate here to fling out superlatives about either the plays or their acting: nothing can look sillier when one reads back through the files. Having had to do a lot of this in recent months, I have been both amused and distressed to find how many words ("The best show in town"; "Certain to live") have been wasted on plays forgotten within the year.

It is my own habit, after a play, to get my more enthusiastic self into a corner and to say sternly: "But will you really feel like this next week?" Sometimes the answer is an obstinate Yes. Sometimes, as after *Separate Tables*, the enthusiast drops his eyes and mumbles, "Well, no!" Recently I would say that only Peggy Ashcroft's Hedda Gabler has been wholly memorable. Certainly, *Separate Tables*—though it offers a good evening at the theatre—is only for the moment.

It is held in some quarters (and I disagree strongly) that a drama critic has no right to think of posterity; that it is pompous to assume he writes for the records, that it is his task only to tell the reader whether such-and-such a play is worth the money. I cannot agree with that, and I don't believe a theatre-minded reader would. Surely it is a critic's task to appreciate, to be selective without exaggeration, and neither to abuse nor to gush indiscriminately: to refrain, that is, from a scream of either "Stinker!" or "Best Show in Town!"

The new Rattigan night is far from being a stinker; but I would not call it the Best in Town. It is a pair of plays, "long-shorts" (*The Browning Version* was one of a similar double bill in 1948). This time the plays, *Table by the Window* and *Table Number Seven*, have each the same setting: the dining-room and lounge of a private hotel near Bournemouth. The background is constant, but the leading figures are different. The first play is the story—well told—of a reunion between a husband and his divorced wife. It may be an unpersuasive reunion, but few in the theatre, I imagine, would want the end changed. The second play is the tale of a pathetic little impostor who is given enough courage to make a fresh start. A sequel to the first play might be disappointing, but I would like very much to know how the ex-Major fared in the private hotel once it had been tacitly decided to forget the "insulting behaviour" at a cinema for which the magistrates had bound him over.

This prosecution—reported in a local newspaper—had revealed his past. A roaring snob (acted with the correct bite by Phyllis Neilson-Terry) snapped up the chance of a scandal. But here she found that most of her supporters dropped away from her, even her hysterical, depressed daughter, the girl trodden down for so long. I fear, though, that Mrs. Railton-Bell would have left the hotel at once and taken the girl with her; a sequel to *Table*



Number Seven—as this is called—might be as disappointing as one to *Table by the Window*.

It can be held that Mr. Rattigan has scored by making us curious about the fate of his characters. Agreed; but one would not wish to pursue their future for long. It is rather as if one had put down a thoroughly well-made magazine story and mused, "I'd like to know what happens next," with no intention of wanting more than a hint, a *précis*. Everything at the St. James's is uncommonly efficient: it is a technicians' night, both in the first play—the meeting of ex-docker, ex-politician, run to seed, with the now desperate woman who had been his wife and who had helped to break him—and in the second play, the exposure of the little fellow who is so knowing, so chirpy, so man-about-town, so boring. Eric Portman steers along smoothly as both the seedy alcoholic and the too-glossy little "Major." Margaret Leighton is similarly efficient as the complex woman with the past who dreads her future, and as the girl who has come to fear life. Other guests are sharply touched in, and Rattigan has had his fun with the prim hotel background. It is a mercy that he is the dramatist, for hotel comedy is one of the jokes that only our expertly professional writers can hope to carry off with any kind of success.

I would use the word "inspiration" about only one character and performance—Beryl Measor's as the hotel manageress who is closely at hand during each of the anecdotes. The writing here is true and unforced—no sign of artificiality, no whiff of greasepaint—and Miss Measor's acting is in the same vein. Do not misunderstand. This is a packed night at the theatre. Most playgoers will enjoy it. But Rattigan has been more exciting, and undeniably he will be again. Call it, then, a good job of work, but beware of the superlatives.

I AM certain that one passage in *The Party Spirit* (Piccadilly) must live. Farce has its own special record-book, and this holds the oddest things. One of the oddest is the passage in the new play during which Ralph Lynn wraps Robertson Hare into a bulky parcel, ties him with red tape, and leaves him upon the table of the Free Whigs' office at the House of Commons. Much has happened to Mr. Hare in his tormented past; but I don't think he has ever been wrapped up—jugged, maybe, but not parcelled. The rest of the farce is funnier than we have been used to in this medium lately—Peter Jones and John Jowett have a nicely mad sense of humour—and I suggest you should view it for the sake of Hare and Lynn.

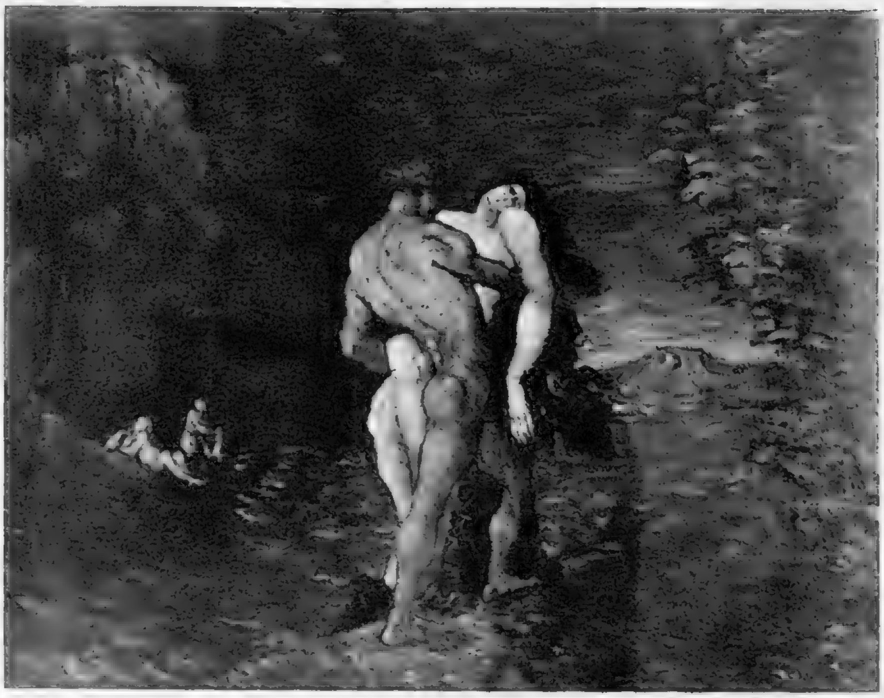
THAT is the right type of farce. I cannot say this about *No News from Father* (Cambridge Theatre), which runs on through three acts without endangering the ribs. There ought to be fun when Bernard Braden, in a forest of red beard, returns from the Arctic, dropping in casually upon his wife after ten years. And there ought to be fun when bright-eyed Eleanor Summerfield is the wife, and Robin Bailey is, expressively, her other suitor. Alas, cheerful though the actors are, the author defeats them. For the record, this author is a Dutch dramatist, Leonhard Huizinga; the farce is adapted by Mr. Huizinga himself and Donald Bull.

A LAST paragraph is no place to give tribute to *Nelson*, at Sadler's Wells: Lennox Berkeley's opera (text by Alan Pryce-Jones), with its whiff of grape-shot at Trafalgar. It has a fine dignity. I am especially thankful to Mr. Pryce-Jones for having proved what can be done with the heroic figure of Nelson within the apparent strait-jacket of an operatic libretto. It is a feat indeed.

Photograph by Armstrong Jones.

SEPARATE TABLES

These are the regular residents of the Beauregard Private Hotel, near Bournemouth, whom Terence Rattigan has brought to life, and who may be seen on the stage of the St. James's Theatre. The young medical student and the girl who becomes his wife (Basil Henson and Patricia Raine) are at the back ; beside them is the Manageress (Beryl Measor) ; beside her, the dubious Major Pollock (Eric Portman). At the centre of our *montage* is Mr. Portman again, as the ex-docker, ex-Labour-Minister journalist, with the two personifications of Miss Margaret Leighton to the left of him. In the front row are the retired schoolmaster (Aubrey Mather), the gentle lady in reduced circumstances (Jane Eccles), the selfish vindictive mother (Phyllis Neilson-Terry), and eccentric Miss Meacham (May Hallatt). Mr. Rattigan's two linked plays, *Table by the Window* and *Table Number Seven*, deal with the interdependence of human beings and their need for—not only understanding—but liking and respect.



1867 L'ENLEVEMENT : (*Lent by Lady Keynes.*) This picture was in the collection of Emile Zola, and is said to have been painted at his house in the Rue La Condamine. The picture stands out in the exhibition by the dissimilarity of its subject to those of any of the other works shown.

1873 LES CHAUMIERES, A AUVERS : (*Lent by the Galerie Rosengart, Lucerne.*) Probably painted in the autumn of 1873, the subject and treatment show Cézanne's debt to Pissarro.

CEZANNE AT THE TATE

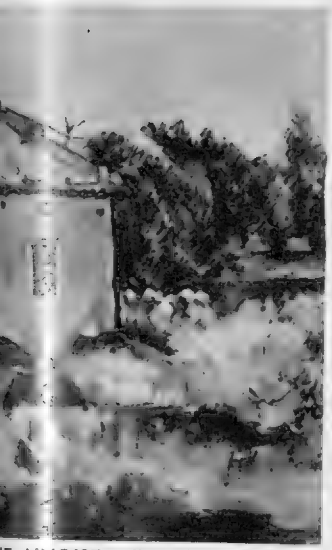
1889 ARLEQUIN : (*Lent by Lord Rothschild.*) Cézanne made very few attempts at monumental figure compositions based directly on nature ; this picture appears to have been developed from an earlier study entitled *Mardi-Gras.* His son, Paul, was the model for Harlequin.

1886 MAISON DANS LA CAMPA *Rosengart, Lucerne.*) One o small houses set i

1891 BOUTEILLES ET PECHES : (*Lent by the Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam.*) One of a group of still lives. Part of the "Anatomy," later used in the *Nature Morte Avec L'Amour en Plâtre*, is shown.

1875 PORTRAIT DE CHOCQUET : (*Lent by Lord Rothschild.*) Victor Chocquet, a friend of Cézanne, owned thirty-two of his pictures by the time of his death in 1899.

1885 PAYSAGE : (*Lent by C. W. Boise, Esq.*) This is an unfinished canvas, painted during a period when Cézanne left a great number of canvases incomplete, having "turned his back abruptly on the way which he had been following" (Gasquet). The countryside is of northern France.



IE AIXOISE : (*Lent by the Galerie* ie first of Cézanne's pictures of e Provençal countryside.

The third of the series of the Arts Council's exhibitions devoted to the great French masters is of the works of Cézanne. After being shown at Edinburgh, the exhibition of sixty-five pictures has moved to the Tate Gallery, and may be seen there until October 27th. Arranged chronologically, the pictures give a fair idea of the painter's development as well as providing a treasure of æsthetic enjoyment, only a little marred by the fact that so many of them are glassed.

1893 LES JOUEURS DE CARTES : (*Lent by the Home House Trustees.*) Cézanne painted five versions of the theme, and it is suggested that he worked on the series over a number of years from 1890.

1906 LE JARDINIER : (*Lent by the Tate Gallery.*) The portrait is of Vallier, Cézanne's gardener and odd-job man. It was painted in the year Cézanne died, and the painter is known to have been working on a similar portrait only a few days before his death.

"Please Forward": by Joyce Dennys.

The October Grandmother

MY DEAR ROBERT,

Towards the end of the time so curiously named Summer Holidays, I begin to wilt. Charles says this is quite in order, and there is a well-known debilitating disease called *The October Grandmother* with which he deals largely every year. He says Grandmothers by the dozen come reeling into his Consulting Room complaining of high blood-pressure, insomnia and pains in the back.

"Do they get better?" I asked dolefully, for I was feeling at the time that my own end was near.

"Of course they do," said Charles. "As soon as their grandchildren go away they have a day in bed, then they get up and tidy the house and send off parcels of things which have been left behind; then they go and have their hair washed and their faces done, and after that they are as right as trivets."

But I was in need of sympathy, so I went, as I always do, to Lady B. "Sit down, Henrietta, and put your feet up," she said kindly, "you look tired. I suppose it's your grandchildren?"

". . . and say good-night to her."

"Yes. Sometimes I feel I must get away from them."

"Naturally," said Lady B., knitting placidly.

"But it's so feeble. My Grandmother never seemed to want to get away from us."

"When you went to stay with your Grandmother you were segregated behind a green baize door in charge of an old Scotch Nannie and an under-nurse. You've told me so yourself, Henrietta."

"Well, yes. We used to go downstairs after our baths and say good-night to her and she gave us each a bit of chocolate with a bee on it."

"Very bad for your teeth. Grandmothers to-day are twice as good as the Edwardian ones, for all their parma violets and white kid gloves."

"Do you really think so, Lady B.?" I said, my ego swelling like a frog.

"Certainly. If your Grandmother had been faced with grandchildren in her house under modern conditions she'd have packed up and gone off to Monte Carlo. I knew your Grandmother."

This little talk with Lady B. quite set me up and I settled down to one of those luxurious, cheerful grumbles which are quite different from the whining ones. "You know," I said, "I simply cannot bear to see them running downhill."

Lady B. laid down her knitting. "Now that," she said, "is the first really middle-aged thing I've heard you say."

"Well, I'm so afraid they'll fall flat. My heart stops beating and then it thumps."

. . . gaily chalked . . .

"Your thumps won't stop them falling flat. What else do you hate?"

"Sand in my bed. Children are a bit spoilt these days, don't you think?"

"That's what my Grandfather used to tell my Father, but we turned out all right. What else?"

"A wet bath-mat."

"How I agree!"

"Sweet-papers, and falling over buckets and scooters in the dark."

"Go on."

"Wet bathing things on top of the clean sheets in the linen cupboard and losing all my pencils and having my fuchsias trodden on."

"You musn't be old-maidish, Henrietta."

"And Little-One having tempers and drumming with her heels."

"All children of that age drum if they're worth anything."

"They say if you punish them they get repressions."

"Nonsense!" said Lady B. "My father used to cane us and we were very fond of him."

"You said just now that your Grandfather used to complain to your Father that you were spoilt."

"I suppose he thought Father ought to have used a bigger stick."

"I find it very difficult to concentrate when there's drumming, Lady B."

"If I were you, Henrietta," said Lady B., "I wouldn't try."

Greatly refreshed, I returned home. Les Girls saw me coming in at the gate and raced down the drive to meet me uttering Red-Indian yells. Half-way down, Middle-One fell with a crash and cut her chin. There was weeping and a good deal of blood—the last greatly appreciated by Big-One and Little-One, and Middle-One was led away to the bathroom for toffee, and plaster on her chin. Big-One and Little-One went too, hoping for more blood and a share in the toffee, and I crept upstairs and sat on my sandy bed because my knees were shaking.

BUT even Summer Holidays come to an end, and the day came for Philip and the Linnet and Les Girls to go back to London. At the last minute there was the usual panic about not being ready in time for the train, and the trunk refusing to shut, and Teddy being mislaid for at least ten minutes, and the Linnet losing the tickets and then finding them in her bag after all, and not being enough butter for the sandwiches so that Charles had to race off in his car like a Monte Carlo rally-driver to buy more, and some determined Drumming from Little-One, who wished to travel in her bathing-dress. But at last they were ready and, after a lot of hugging and kissing, they pressed into the taxi and drove away, leaving me waving in the drive.

The house seemed very empty when I went back, and looked rather as though a bomb had burst in it. I began to tidy up. I found a very small sandal under the chair in the hall—then I found a red jersey—then I found a bucket with a dead crab in it—then a large, smooth stone with shells stuck on to it with seccotine. The house was very quiet. I went upstairs and found Little-One's Cuddly-Shawl in her cot and thought of the tremendous Drumming which would undoubtedly take place at bedtime when she found she hadn't got it. I found a piece of paper gaily chalked by Big-One, "Dear Granny, We are having a lovely time with love from Jane."

The house was very, very quiet. A tear rolled down my cheek. I heard it fall with a little splash on the floor.

Always your affectionate
Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

A tear rolled down my cheek.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

LADY THOMAS

Oxfordshire-born Lady Thomas, the beautiful wife of B.O.A.C.'s chairman, must be one of the world's most travelled women. When she met Sir Miles in the early days of Morris Motors, she was secretary to Lord Nuffield, then Mr. William Morris, and in that capacity had gained an insight into business affairs which has helped to give her a very special understanding of her extremely busy husband's problems throughout the years. She and her husband are inseparable. Sir Miles will not travel without her if it can possibly be avoided, and although she contrives to avoid the limelight which necessarily shines upon a man so much in the public eye, she is invariably there in the background wherever he goes. This is an arrangement which finds great favour with staff and their wives on B.O.A.C. stations the world over, where Lady Thomas shares her husband's undeniable popularity. Her home is a lovely Georgian house in Virginia Water, and although her doctor daughter Sheila and naval lieutenant son Michael are now married, it remains a home-from-home for them and their children, little Anne and Mark von Bergen and Michaela Thomas.

1. *Left:* George Tesman (George Devine) and his wife Hedda (Peggy Ashcroft) return to Christiana after a long honeymoon. George's aunt Julia (Susan Richmond) welcomes them to their new home, but Hedda begins by making an insulting remark about the old lady's bonnet. *Right:* Their first caller is Thea Elvsted (Rachel Kempson), whom Hedda knew at school. Thea, married to a rich old man, has fallen in love with her children's tutor, Eilert Lovborg—once a beau of Hedda's, though Thea does not know this. Lovborg, who left town because his weak nature led him to dissipation, has returned. A new man by Thea's influence, he has published a successful book.

"Sketch" Photo-Call

Hedda Gabler

IBSEN'S *Hedda Gabler* is being presented for a limited season at the Lyric, Hammersmith, where it will run until November 27th.

It is only comparatively recently that Ibsen, who used to be considered very dull and improving, has been discovered to be a funny as well as a moving playwright—a discovery that dates for the general public from Michael Benthall's production of *The Wild Duck* in 1948. In this new tradition, Max Faber's contemporary translation (the word in the programme is "adaptation") of *Hedda Gabler* has pointed the jokes in the play, and, in Miss Peggy Ashcroft's performance and Mr. Peter Ashmore's production, each becomes a coruscation of cold laughter.

One could not laugh at or with "pure evil," of course, but no more than Shakespeare's Iago is Ibsen's Hedda evil ; there are reasons for the behaviour of

4. *Left:* During that night Lovborg has lost the only copy of the manuscript of his new book—on which his reputation will rest. Tesman has found it, but Hedda conceals the manuscript, allows the broken and defiled Lovborg to tell her that he has destroyed it, and sends him away with one of her father's pistols to commit suicide "beautifully." Then she burns the manuscript. "I am burning your baby, Thea," she says. *Right:* When Tesman returns, Hedda tells him that she has destroyed the manuscript for his sake, so that Lovborg can never become his rival academically.

5.

2. Another of Hedda's admirers is Brack, the lawyer (Micheal Mac Liammoir), who hopes to become an increasingly close family friend. He has called to invite Tesman to a bachelor party. Meanwhile Hedda will entertain Thea and Lovborg, whom she has promised to assist in keeping from temptation.

both. Hedda has been spoiled. She has sensibility without self-control, aspiration without application. No wonder she is bored. Out of her boredom and frustration comes her desire to tease and break and her demand for grand gesture ; she wants to play with other people's lives as a child plays with dolls. As Miss Ashcroft plays her, Hedda is selfish and unlikeable, but as deeply to be pitied as anyone else on stage.

The sets and costumes for this revival are by Motley ; the cast includes George Devine, Micheal Mac Liammoir, Rachel Kempson, Susan Richmond, Dorothy Dewhurst, and Michael Warre, who has replaced Alan Badel as Lovborg. After the play ends its run it will be succeeded by *Time Remembered*, translated from Jean Anouilh's *Leocadia*, in which Paul Scofield and Margaret Rutherford will play.

Photographs by Angus McBean.

Lovborg is dead, but not "beautifully." Instead of committing suicide, he returned to the singer's house and became involved in a quarrel ; the pistol went off, and shot him in the bowels. Brack has seen the pistol and guesses what Hedda has done. If scandal is to be avoided, he must be silent. Hedda has placed herself in his power.

3. Lovborg (Alan Badel) has never loved any woman as once he loved Hedda. But Thea is his good angel, and, when she arrives, Hedda deliberately incites Lovborg, first to drink a glass of the spirits he has forsworn, then to join her husband and Brack at the party. She tells the worried Thea that he will return "with vine leaves in his hair." But Lovborg instead becomes grossly drunk, and finishes the night in the home of a lady singer of indifferent reputation.

6. Hedda cannot endure that any other person should have power over her, or that anybody else should influence people whom she regards as hers—yet already Thea and Tesman are working together to reconstitute Lovborg's book from notes. She goes behind the curtain. There is a shot. "People don't do such things," cries Brack, the man of common sense.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

PERCY CURNOCK: An Artist and a Craftsman for Seventy Years.

Mr. Curnock, who is eighty-three years old and has been painting delicate flower patterns on china ever since he joined the Royal Doulton Potteries at the age of thirteen, has just retired. He believes that a painted rose should look like a rose; many of his creations were inspired by the flowers in his own garden. China bearing Mr. Curnock's signature has gone all over the world—fragile mementoes of a great tradition. Our pictures are of the *Glamis Thistle* (*below, left*), *Clovelly* (*top right*), and *Arcadia* (*below, right*).

NATALIE YEDIGAROFF: A Wide-Awake Princess Who Knows All the Answers.

Princess Natalie, daughter of Lady Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, drives about and asks each day a different "question of interest" to motorists calling at one of the chain of garages she represents; £5 is awarded for the first correct answer. Taking a look at the pretty princess, *our* question of interest was what questions interested her, but they turned out to be about turbo-engines and such; so after taking one last fleeting backward look, we ceased to enquire.

LEO PENN: For Leaving the U.S.A. to Play in a London Club Theatre.

There is no real equivalent in the U.S.A. to London's Club Theatres, where enthusiasm often launches enterprises that sail into the larger West End theatres—as did *The Boy Friend* from the Players, *Intimacy at Eight-Thirty* from the New Lindsey, and now Anna Russell, we hear, quits the New Watergate for a concert on October 11th at the Royal Festival Hall. Mr. Penn, critically acclaimed for his performance in the New York production of *The Girl on the Via Flaminia*, has come over specially to appear in an English production of the play opening at the New Lindsey on October 12th.

MODELS IN MUFTI :—2.

LISA FONSSAGRIVES, America's "billion dollar baby," is married to famous fashion photographer Irving Penn. She lives in a large, airy, quite delightful flat in New York with her husband and two young children, son Tom, pictured here, and daughter Mia. The Penns also have a wonderful farmhouse in the country, on Sweet Hollow Road, in Melville, and for the children's sakes spend as much time there as they possibly can—riding, feeding squirrels, and suchlike occupations that the children adore. You wouldn't think she could find time for a hobby, but she does—and surprisingly enough, it is *photography*. Far from settling back to enjoy being America's No. 1 model, she assures us she intends to become a professional photographer as well.

TELEVISION TOPICS: By CYRIL BUTCHER

MOIRA LISTER.

PIATIGORSKY.

BOBBY HOWES.

DAPHNE DU MAURIER.

T.V. PERSONALITIES: Lovely MOIRA LISTER makes her return to television on October 12th in *The Concert*, by Joseph Schull (adapted by Duncan Ross). In this play, involving a social problem, her leading man will be played by the camera! To-night you can hear that great 'cellist, Ukrainian-born PIATIGORSKY, in the second of the International Celebrity Recitals, accompanied by Ivor Newton. His programme will include works by Haydn and Saint-Saëns. We hesitate to refer to BOBBY HOWES as the "Dean of Musical Comedy," but his experience in this field is so long-standing and so varied that we look forward to his *Spice of Life* on October 9th. We trust DAPHNE DU MAURIER is duly grateful to *Rebecca*, already phenomenally successful as a novel, play and film; her tale of Mrs. de Winter will be seen on television on October 10th. It has only to appear as a strip cartoon to make the cycle of media complete!

An Ugly Cygnet

THERE are some who hold that to have tried is everything and that the outcome of an effort is of secondary importance. Having bungled quite a liberal amount of things in my time, I freely admit the charm of that philosophy. But, unfortunately, it has no place in show-business.

Given a play by William Shakespeare (who has been known to please), a most distinguished scholar and producer, George Rylands, teaming up with Douglas Allen (one of the ablest television producers of Lime Grove) to put it on with a very fine cast, the effort is indeed impressive. Perhaps I should eat many recent unkind remarks about the lack of distinction of television programmes. But the result of two hours and twenty minutes of *Troilus and Cressida* left me totally unimpressed, bored and bewildered.

Of course, *Troilus and Cressida* is one of the less happy progeny of the Swan of Avon. Indeed, it very much resembles a cygnet which is in the half-way stage between muddy-beige and white—neither one thing nor the other. The play is not a comedy, despite the facetious wafflings of Pandarus and Thersites; the poignant betrayal of Troilus by Cressida and the bloody despatch of the closing scenes are too sad for that. Yet it is not a tragedy either. Your true tragedy implies a greatness in its participants and an aching hope that they may escape the inevitable disaster to which they are heading. But Shakespeare's Greeks and Trojans are a verbose and dreary lot. Rightly, *Troilus and Cressida* was billed as a "Tragy-Comedy"—and what could be more messy than that?

Yet I can see the play's fascination for the scholar. It contains much material for superb rhetoric—of a somewhat confused kind, howbeit. But then, so does *Hansard*; and I would hesitate to inflict upon the viewer 140 minutes of that worthy publication! It is a play to be mulled over in the study, to be painstakingly analysed from the depths of an armchair. But an audience has no time for that. They cannot turn back a page or re-read an obscure line for its sub-meaning. They expect a clear proposition, a well-cut plot to sustain their interest, and a climax to convince them that their patience was well-deserved. Whatever the savants may say—and I bowed to Mr. Ryland's taste when he told me *Troilus and Cressida* was his favourite play—I maintain that it falls by the wayside in all these respects.

I hate to say this. But I don't think that Messrs. Allen and Rylands made a happy team. Individually their productive talents are beyond question. But why did they not have the courage to violate the sacrosanctity of the script with a blue pencil and cut out acres of the less productive verse? Why did they funk close-ups? Why did the battle scenes—which, if exciting, could have saved the petering, inclusive end of the play—seem considerably less lethal than the average vicarage tea-party? The fights may have been arranged by Victor Adams, but the producers were in charge.

Enough of carping. It would have been hard to find a more enchanting pair of lovers—visually and histrionically—than John Fraser as Troilus and Mary Watson as Cressida, or a more satisfyingly revolting Thersites than Richard Wordsworth. For the rest, one could go on praising down the list, if space permitted. But there must just be a line of appreciation for the Hector of William Squire and the Ulysses of Walter Hudd.

ANOTHER line of appreciation for the latest *Limelight*, which after a diabolical start looks like settling down as a rattling good programme. Henry Caldwell should know his television by now. It was a brilliant stroke to arrange a two-way conversation across the Atlantic between the cast of *The Boy Friend*, about to open in New York, and their relations in Lime Grove. And, by winding up his stellar show with a whirling "production number," Mr. Caldwell showed that he had regained his grasp of what goes to make a good show.

A line of protest about a sad lapse of good taste in the first of the new Vic Oliver *This is Show Business* series. The orchestra played the march from the incidental music of the *Victory at Sea* films. At the same time one saw, on the screen, shots from the same films, showing an invading naval force firing its guns. As each one of those projectiles was aimed to kill someone, and as many viewers must have lost friends and relatives in such actions, I think such a sight scarcely added up to Light Entertainment. Apart from that, the show was refreshingly fast-moving.

I doubt whether even our own Joyce (Henrietta) Dennys would claim greatness for her play, *Rain Before Seven*. But it proved a most penetrating document of life in the very raw on a Queensland farm at the beginning of this century. The heat, the sweat, the blistering sun and dying cattle—all playing havoc with personal relations—were finely represented in the writing, the acting, the production by Chloë Gibson, and the terrifyingly realistic setting by Stephen Harrison.

AND now I would like to invite you to a ball at the Savoy Hotel on Sunday, October 24th, organised by the newly-formed Guild of Television Producers and Directors in aid of the National Television Fund. It begins at 7 p.m., with dinner a half-an-hour later, and dancing to Eric Robinson's band until 2 a.m.

The National Television Fund is an organization to provide "free television sets to the sick and the aged. It makes grants for this purpose to sanatoria, hospitals, epileptic colonies, children's and old people's homes, and other institutions." Put in bald officialese, this may not seem a very urgent appeal. But if you can picture the joy and feeling of "belonging" which television can bring to the sick, then you will not hesitate to come and have a good time on the 24th, to help those who are having a very bad time.

The tickets are 2½ guineas and are obtainable from the secretaries of (*a*) The Guild of Television Producers and Directors, 174, Cromwell Road, London, S.W.5, or (*b*) The National Television Fund, 12, Whitehall, London, S.W.1. Cheques should be made payable to "The Guild of Television Producers and Directors" and crossed "T.V. Ball Acc.".

"DINNER'S READY, DEAR."

Drawn by William Scully.

"The Sketch"

GUBBINS—BEDDINGTON : Leaving St. James', Piccadilly, after their wedding on September 23rd were Captain Richard Gubbins and his bride, the former Miss Camilla Beddington, daughter of stockbroker Lieut.-Colonel Beddington.

HUGHES—DESMOND : Married at Malvern Priory on September 18th were Mr. Mervyn Hughes, of Englestede Close, Handsworth Wood, Birmingham, and Miss Gena Desmond, of The Chestnuts, Hanley Castle, near Worcester.

DICK-READ—KINGSBERRY : Wedding group after the ceremony at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, on September 17th, of Mr. Grantly Dick-Read, elder son of Dr. Grantly Dick-Read, and Miss Felicity Kingsberry, only daughter of Mrs. Gordon Stokes, of Burford Lodge, Elstead, Surrey. The best man was Lieut. J. D. B. McCarthy, R.N.

SWINTON—KILLEN : Newly-weds Major John Swinton, Scots Guards, Aide-de-Camp to Field Marshal Sir William Slim, Governor-General of Australia, and Miss Judith Killen, of Bowral, New South Wales, outside All Saints' Church, Sydney, on August 26th. Major Swinton is the son of Brigadier A. H. C. Swinton, of Kimmerghame, Duns, Berwickshire.

TICKELL—GUNN : Married at St. James', Spanish Place, on September 18th, were Miss Chloe Gunn, daughter of artist James Gunn, and Mr. Crispin Tickell, eldest son of Mr. Jerrard Tickell, the novelist, pictured outside the church after the wedding.

Wedding Album

McEWEN—LAVER: After their wedding on September 18th: Mr. Robin McEwen, son of Sir John and Lady McEwen, of Marchmont, and Miss Mary Laver, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Laver, of Chelsea. Mr. James McEwen was best man, and the young attendants are the Hon. Thomas Hesketh, Master John Robertson, Miss Teresa Keswick and Lady Victoria Yorke.

GILL—CLEPHAN: Married at St. Margaret's, Altrincham, Cheshire, on September 15th were Mr. Cranstoun Gill, of Manchester, and Miss Gabrielle Clephan, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. R. E. S. Clephan, of Hale, Cheshire.

COLLIER—PRESTIGE: Leaving St. Paul's Cathedral after their wedding on September 23rd, Miss Felicity Prestige, daughter of Dr. G. L. Prestige, Residentiary Canon of St. Paul's, and her bridegroom, Mr. Robert Collier.

LEONARD—WALTON: Leaving Ninfield Church, Sussex, after their wedding on September 18th, are Miss Tessa Walton, daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. W. F. Walton, of Fir Tree House, Ninfield, and Mr. Richard Leonard, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Leonard, Leamington Spa.

DOUGLAS—WADE: The bride's home, The Old Mill, at Langstone, makes a romantic background for newly-weds Miss Sheila Wade, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wade, and Mr. Greville Douglas, a member of Lloyd's and a major in the Honourable Artillery Company, whose home is at Henley-on-Thames. The wedding took place at St. Faith's Church, Havant, Hampshire, on September 26th.

AT THE CINEMA with C. A. LEJEUNE

Tuppence Coloured and Purple Plain

ROMEO AND JULIET
(Odeon, Leicester Square)

THE facts about the new screen version of *Romeo and Juliet* are by now widely known. Nevertheless, it might seem helpful to tabulate them. The film, which recently won the Grand Prix at the Venice Festival, is an Anglo-Italian venture. It was shot in Italy, mainly in Verona and Siena. The streets, squares, palaces, churches and countryside are shown in clean and sympathetic colour. The director is an Italian, Renato Castellani, who is also responsible for the adaptation. The cast is composed of English and Italian players, but the voices of the Italians have been dubbed into English. The Romeo is played by Laurence Harvey, who has since taken the same part on the stage at Stratford. The Juliet is played by a young girl, Susan Shentall, who has never acted professionally before, and shows no overt ardour to act professionally again; but was chosen, after a chance meeting in a London restaurant, because she looked like what the director thought Juliet should be.

What is the result? A lovely spread of colour-prints, in consummate taste, suggesting all the splendour of renaissance architecture and painting. Hardly an image flicks across the screen which does not seem worth holding, and looking at. This costume here; that colour there; the warm hint of sun on mellowed stone; the white Madonna lily matched with a gown's Madonna blue; the cypress spires alive and growing; the dusty road under a quiet southern sun; the Friar's cell, with its effect of homely privacy; the crowded desk, the tenderly-watered plants, the soft-coated rabbit borrowed straight from Dürer.

Into this setting the inexperienced Susan Shentall falls most biddably. She *looks* the part. Her fair face has the true oval of a renaissance model. Her slight figure wears the clasped, high-waisted, mediæval gowns becomingly. She speaks her lines hesitatingly, but without any sign of affectation; as though they were unaccustomed thoughts set out with difficulty.

One wonders whether Laurence Harvey was quite the right foil for her. Mr. Harvey is a young professional actor who has enough to do assimilating his own experience. As Romeo, he works hard and, from the spectator's point of view, uneasily. The business, the lines, and the accoutrements appear to worrit him and fret him. He seems too bothered over the right handling of a mask, the turn of a pear-shaped vowel, to become the love-lost, love-stricken boy of Shakespeare's imagining. It is inevitable, perhaps, that audiences will compare this Romeo and Juliet with the modern Romeo and Juliet of *The Young Lovers*. In an odd way, Asquith's film came nearer to the heart of Shakespeare than Castellani's richly visual version of the original. That caught the dazzlement of love, and showed it. This does not.

THE PURPLE PLAIN
(Leicester Square)

The purple plain is in Burma, and it really is purple, as well as a lot of other colours. The film, an intensely masculine one, is British. The script is an adaptation by Eric Ambler of H. E. Bates' fine novel. The director is Robert Parrish. The star is Gregory Peck.

Mr. Peck appears as Forrester, a Canadian pilot with a Mosquito squadron flying against the Japs. His recklessness in the air, his morose behaviour on the ground, have got him into the bad books of his fellow-officers. What they don't know is that he is a neurotic, a man with a secret sorrow. His wife has been killed in the London blitz on their wedding-night, and Forrester no longer has any wish to live.

It takes a beautiful Burmese girl (Win Min Than—and she *is* beautiful) to snap him out of his neurosis. Anna is assistant to a Scottish missionary (Brenda da Banzie), and pretty soon she has Forrester wishing to live like anything. So at this point, of course, his 'plane crashes, and he is left far out in the Jap-infested jungle with an injured navigator and an obstructive passenger, who presently goes mad and shoots himself. The rest of the film is a grim, almost yard-by-yard account of Forrester's trek back to base, with his new life-wish and his wounded comrade.

There is no sentimentality about *The Purple Plain*. Once it gets really going, it never wavers. The acting is strong. The jungle backwoods are splendid. The feeling of tropical heat and intolerable thirst is forcefully conveyed. Director and camera-man gloss over no detail of the airmen's ordeal. It is an emphatic work; possibly too emphatic. It gives the spectator such a tidy doing that he hardly has strength or inclination left to *imagine* things for himself.

"Elspeth! Put that back AT ONCE!"

We are haunted by Searle's horrid little St. Trinian's characters. They have been brought to life in The Belles of St. Trinian's, *premièred at the Gaumont, Haymarket, on the same day (September 30th) as the Leicester Galleries opened an exhibition of Searle's work. We reproduce our favourite: it is also reproduced in his book* Souls in Torment *(Perpetua; 12s. 6d.), in which he assures us that St. Trinian's has had its day. But we've been to the Gaumont . . .*

HER TWELVE MEN
(Empire)

Her Twelve Men are juniors in an American private school for the sons of millionaires, and She is Greer Garson, the only woman on the staff, whom her pupils assiduously address as "Sir." At first a victim to all the time-worn japes—the frog in the bed, the funny faces on the blackboard—Miss Garson quickly learns to be a mother as well as a mentor to her poor-little-rich boys.

SUDDENLY
(London Pavilion)

Suddenly is the name of a small country town, which is to be visited by the President of the United States on the first leg of a fishing trip. Here a Foreign Power has arranged to have him assassinated, and to this end Frank Sinatra (as a war-hero with a psychopathic twist) takes up his post, with rifle, in a house overlooking the station. Unfortunately for himself and the Foreign Power, the chosen assassin talks too much. Quite a neat little thriller, faintly reminiscent of *The Gunman* and *Rogue Male*.

LE CAFE DU CADRAN
(Marble Arch Pavilion)

A minor but not wholly unsatisfactory French film, made some years ago, about a married couple from the country, who come to Paris to take charge of a *bistro*. The husband (Bernard Blier) adapts himself sensibly to the new life. The wife (Blanchette Brunoy) lets Paris turn her head and change her character. The melodramatic end sits awkwardly on a film which is mainly distinguished for its documentation of the daily life of the *bistro* and the types who frequent it.

PAMPOSH
(La Continentale)

This film comes from Kashmir. It has an English commentary, and the dialogue is in Hindustani. It is a sad but appealing little film, about a small, dumb girl, the ancient man who befriends her, her dreams of a magic kingdom under the lotus-covered lake, and her longing to escape there from a life of frustration. The acting is simple and charming. The film, in pretty though variable colour, was shot entirely on location, and few will cavil that it dawdles a good deal amongst the lotus flowers.

At his "rear window," Jeff Jefferies (James Stewart) examines his telescopic camera, fretting at his inability to use it. Later, he turns its penetrating lens—to some purpose—upon the interiors of the thirty-one apartments within his range of vision.

Beautiful Lisa Freemont (Grace Kelly) is in love with Jeff, and helps him to unmask the murderer.

"Miss Lonely Hearts," a spinster (Judith Evelyn), finds the dead body of a neighbour's little dog in Lars Thorwald's garden.

ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S NEW THRILLER

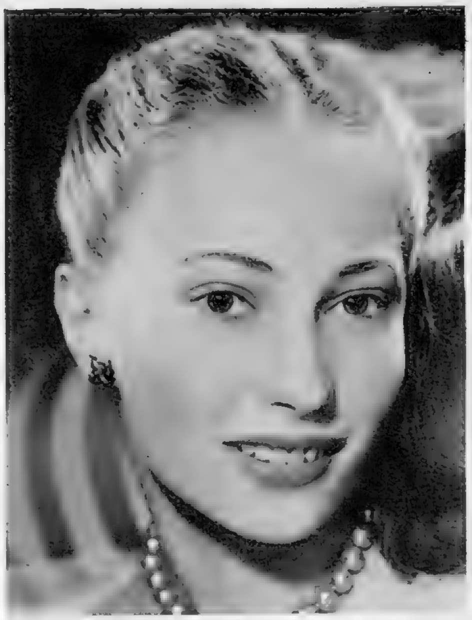
Alfred Hitchcock's first production for Paramount, the Technicolor film *Rear Window*, opens at the Plaza Theatre this Friday (October 8th). The film tells of a national magazine photographer (James Stewart) who, confined to a wheel-chair with a broken leg, idles away his time by gazing from his window into the apartments occupied by his neighbours. Within a short period, he has reason to believe that one of these has murdered his wife. He determines to unravel the crime and expose the murderer, and in a film which builds up to a true Hitchcock-type climax, he gradually proves his case to his fiancée (Grace Kelly), his war-time comrade, now a detective (Wendell Corey), and his nurse (Thelma Ritter).

Jeff and Stella, his nurse (Thelma Ritter), convinced of Thorwald's guilt, scan his apartment, watching every movement he makes.

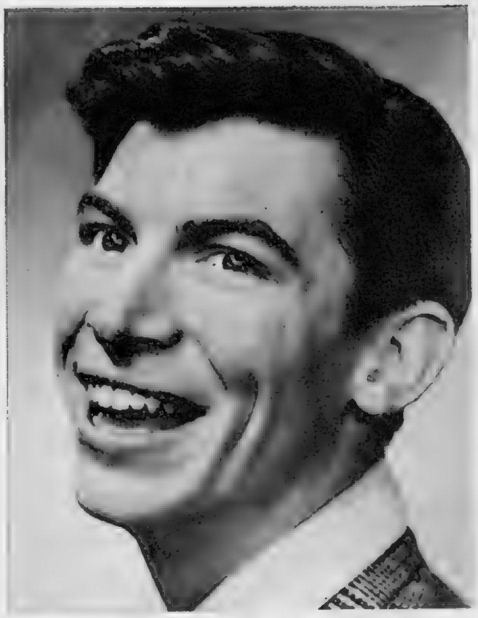
While Thorwald is absent, Lisa and Stella, egged on by Jeff, dig up his flower-bed in an unsuccessful search for evidence against him.

Thorwald, realising Jeff knows the truth, pushes him from his window. But his friend (Wendell Corey) and Stella and Lisa break his fall.

Paddy Stone.



Diane Forhan.



Richard Easton.

Some Characters in Search of an Audience

CANADIAN BALLET AND THEATRE HAVE SEEN A GREAT FLOWERING OF TALENT SINCE THE WAR, BUT, WITHOUT AN AUDIENCE, IT MAY BE LOST.

EVERY year—and, it seems, in increasing numbers—young Canadian actors and dancers come to England for a training they could get nowhere else. Many of them go on to make careers here or in the United States. Few of them return to Canada.

One of the better known of the young Canadians in London—so that he will do as an example of this state of affairs—is a tall, long-legged dancer whose work, sometimes comic, sometimes macabre, may be seen at the St. Martin's Theatre, where nightly Miss Joyce Grenfell *Requests the Pleasure*. His name is Paddy Stone. He began dancing ten years ago in Winnipeg, and, when he was old enough, joined the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, which was not yet Royal at that time, nor was it able to pay its dancers. After a while, young Stone began to feel that art would be even better if some money went with it; he travelled south and east to New York City, where, he had heard tell, dancers were paid, and there he found a job. It was as an usher in a cinema. While on his way to try on the uniform, he read in *Variety* that auditions were being held for *Annie Get Your Gun*. He went to them, and began his professional career.

The twists and shifts in fortune of theatrical life took him from an understudy's job in *Annie Get Your Gun* to the Sadler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden, where in time he alternated the lead in *Mam'selle Amgot* with Michael Somes. Then *Annie* came to London, and Mr. Stone was offered the spectacular Indian Dance that he had understudied in New York. Because he has always been more interested in interpretative dancing than in being only a male partner, he left the Wells and, in musical comedy, he met Beryl Kaye and Irving Davies. The three of them decided that what they really wanted to do was to form a dancing team on their own. They worked together on their dances, kept themselves alive by skill at poker, met strange, sad misadventures in the U.S.A. and in Europe, filmed with Gene Kelly, and now you may see them at the St. Martin's.

Paddy Stone is a talented and witty dancer, and a choreographer whose talent is lightly tilted towards Grand Guignol—two dances he arranged for the second edition of *Cockles and Champagne* provided for me the only excitement in that peripatetic enterprise. His career lies clear before him, but not in Canada.

No more, they think, do the careers of Diane Forhan, who danced the lead in the new ballet, *Café des Sports*, at Cape Town during the Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet's tour of South Africa, and Arnott Mader, of the Covent Garden company, who has been seen this year with Miss Fonteyn on television. Both these young Canadians have been over here over four years, and neither has any plans for going back. A more recent arrival is Richard Easton, a young actor whom Alec Guinness saw at the first Shakespeare Festival in Stratford, Ontario, and encouraged to come to England. Mr. Easton's enthusiastic performance as an income-tax inspector in love is to be seen in *Both Ends Meet*, at the Apollo Theatre. Some day he will return to Canada, he says, but to what public in a country where a run of two weeks is accounted successful?

SMALL audiences for theatre and ballet in Canada are not due to the size of the population; Toronto has a population an eighth the size of London's, and it is growing. The situation is remediable, and already it is being remedied. The flowering of talent, particularly among dancers, seems to have begun just after the war and was immensely stimulated by the visit of the Sadler's Wells Company in 1949—one girl reports that, the week after the Company visited Toronto, her dancing class, which had contained no men, enrolled fifteen, "though most of them dropped out when they discovered it was hard work." With that flowering, though a little later, has come a growing interest in forming an audience. As a result of the Sadler's Wells tour, a group of Canadian business-men invited Celia Franca to come over and form what is now the Canadian National Ballet: this is the Company we hope to see in England some time next year. As for the theatre, though there are at present only two full-time professional theatres in Canada, a new audience has been tapped with the now-annual Shakespeare Festivals at Stratford, Ontario—the inspiration, again, of a business-man, who had the complete co-operation of the community in which he lives.

Out of the Shakespeare Festival have come the Guthrie scholarships, by which two actors every year are enabled to study for a year in Europe. This year the Royal Academy of Dancing has awarded a scholarship to allow a young Canadian dancer to train at the Sadler's Wells School. A condition of both awards is that the recipients should return to Canada to work. Optimism and pessimism depend on one's angle of vision. Theatre and ballet have grown in Canada since the war, but they are still infants small enough to be smothered by indifference. If they survive, fed always by new generations of actors and authors, dancers and choreographers, we may find in Canada something as national in expression as the old-Elizabethan theatre or the new-Elizabethan ballet.

JOHN BOWEN.

Our Fashion Portfolio

by NORAH OWEN

A Shirt for the Schoolgirl

Ostensibly designed for schoolgirls as ideal wear for school or home, this shirt-blouse will also be worn by mothers or older sisters. Trim and tailored, easily washed and ironed, in several attractive prints, the blouse has an elasticised waist, and the neck can be worn either buttoned or open. From 24s. 6d., according to size, the *Clydella* Sherta blouse is obtainable from Gorringes, and other stores throughout the country.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

The Triumph of the Two-piece

THE two-piece has returned to fashion in a big way. The jumper-suit is the news of the season, and we see everywhere the two-piece in dresses for day or evening and even in coats.

A daytime jumper-suit in Curli-knit Bouclé wool. Three-quarter sleeves and collar are Angora-trimmed. The sweater-top may be worn inside or outside the ribbed, fitted skirt. By Pringle, in several shades, price 12 gns., from Marshall and Snelgrove.

For late-day wear, a jumper-suit in black-and-gold metal jersey fabric, showing the new long, relaxed bodice line, with the straight neck and hip-line emphasized by bands of black satin, finished in flat bows. From Fortnum and Mason.

A fur coat that follows the two-piece trend is this luxurious Ocelot coat that looks so deceptively "all-in-one." The top is a "battle blouse," that can be worn as a snug jacket, ideally useful for the country. The widely-flaring skirt, fastening with its shaped leather belt, can be detached at will, but when worn makes a beautiful long coat for town wear. By Bradleys.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Elegant Economy

In the mood of the moment, a delightful cocktail dress in black velveteen. The neck is high in front, dropping low at the back. The skirt is wide, the bodice fitting, with three-quarter sleeves. Neckline and wrists are highlighted with sharp white piqué. Price 10 gns., this dress was designed by Elizabeth James of Cork, especially for Liberty's Budget Shop. Jewellery also by Liberty.

Peter Clark

from the Leisure Gowns at

Lace dinner gown with a picture skirt lined net over slipper satin. In reseda, midnight-blue, bordeau, green or black.
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MOTORING with WILLIAM HARTLEY

The New Austin "Cambridge"

THIS time each year we are subjected to a number of surprises as new cars are announced. None can be of wider interest than the introduction of the new Austin *Cambridge*. The A.40 which it replaces was, of course, known as the *Somerset*, and this new car still retains the prefix A.40, but is also available with a larger engine, when it becomes the A.50.

Without any doubt, the appearance is vastly improved; the general proportions are very pleasing. The styling, while following to-day's trend, strikes an individual note which will become as familiar as that of its predecessor. In brief, the *Cambridge* is longer, yet narrower and lower than the *Somerset*. But the interior (which is what really matters) is more spacious. The front-seat cushions are 2 ins. wider and the size of the rear-seat cushion has increased from 3 ft. 3¼ ins. to 4 ft. 4 ins. There is more leg-room, while the boot capacity has gone up from 10 to 14 cubic feet. The designers are to be congratulated.

The alternative engine sizes are either 1200 c.c. or 1500 c.c., and there are two- or four-door versions, with either standard or de luxe equipment. So, if my mathematics are correct, there are now eight different cars to choose from!

Visibility is remarkable with the deep, curved screen and almost full-width rear window. There is the full-width shelf below the facia which I find so useful, together with the usual compartment with a lid on the passenger's side. Instruments are neatly and pleasantly grouped.

The steering-column gear change is retained and it seems to work smoothly. Steering is light and accurate, while the brakes (of increased size) are good. Although the car is slightly heavier than the previous A.40, performance from the new engines is excellent, and, during tests at M.I.R.A., averages of up to 75 m.p.h. have been sustained for long periods.

There can be little doubt that this *Cambridge* will be one of the main centres of attraction at the Motor Show in a few weeks' time. The various colour-schemes to be available are attractive, ranging from two greys, a blue and a turquoise to the ever-present black. With the vast Austin assembly plant behind them, and with production already under way, we may soon expect to see plenty of these *Cambridges* around.

CURRENT TOPICS

Furious Cyclists

THE Chief Constable of Gloucestershire, Colonel F. W. Henn, has suggested that it would be a good thing if cycles were fitted with number-plates. He says that such a step may be necessary to bring home to cyclists their responsibility for accidents. Cyclists, Colonel Henn explained, could only be dealt with under the Highway Act of 1884. He went on to say how difficult it is for the police to catch them riding furiously.

Now this is a most welcome approach to a subject that has for long been one of my pets. To start with, any child can go out on the public highway on a cycle at any age. There is no question of forcing him to learn the Highway Code. And there can surely be few people who do not daily see cyclists "riding furiously," with little or no regard for pedestrians and others. They seem to ignore almost all traffic regulations and certainly most of the courtesies.

Now that we have reached the stage where a wise voice calls for number-plates, can we not mention the question of a licence fee, too? I know that no political party would impose such a "burden" on cyclists, and I can understand why. But surely if the Chief Constables make the moves and the matter can be dealt with apart from any question of antagonising the electorate, then we might see some enforcement to bring cyclists into line with the rest of us road-users. I am not just automatically against cyclists because I am a motorist. Far from it. I merely hold this present view because of the manner in which I see cyclists behaving many times a day.

Blinding with Science

THERE has just been issued an official publication on the subject of dazzle. It comes from the Road Research Laboratory. Amongst other things, it seems to point out that, in spite of complaints, the modern double-dip lamp has the best distribution of light. The complaints are, it seems, the result of inefficient lights on the cars of the complaining drivers!

Well, that is as maybe. But I repeat again and again that on my old 1934 car, with dip and switch lighting, I see better at night when meeting traffic, and I never get flashed at, which leads me to think that I dazzle nobody. When using new cars straight from the makers and with (I assume) the lights correctly set, I get flashed at over and over again, and even then I cannot see as well.

I am afraid there is too much "science" being applied, and the more simple test of seeing what happens on the road is rather neglected. It would be just comment if I said that now we are, literally, being blinded by science!

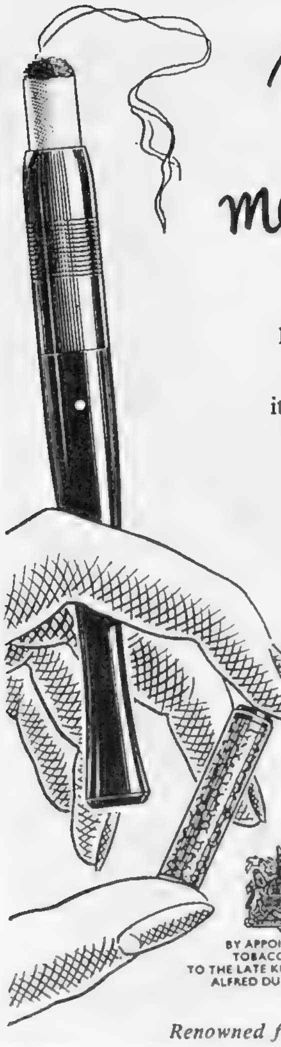
The Motor Show

THE Motor Show is almost upon us; there are only two weeks to go before opening day. These two weeks will see one or two new and interesting models announced, but the Show as a whole will probably be a demonstration of the settled-down state of the post-war car. All signs of pre-war hangover have gone and now we know where we are.

The increasing number of cars which include some form of over-drive as either standard or optional fitting is interesting, but we seem no nearer to fully automatic transmission for the ordinary motor-car, although it is to be seen in the costly variety. There is a lot to be done to bring such features down in price before small family cars employ them.

A good game to play just now is "What I would like to see at the Show." My suggestions are: (1) Less boot-size competition and more room for the human load; (2) an improvement in the sound of the horn on the mass of small and medium cars; (3) exterior or wing mirrors being fitted as a standard safety aid; (4) reserve petrol supply to compensate for inaccurate fuel gauges; (5) a few more instruments, such as thermometers and oil-pressure gauges.

But then, we all have our pet ideas, don't we?



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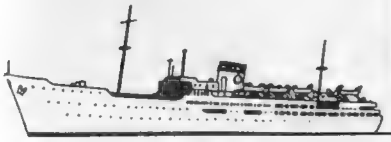

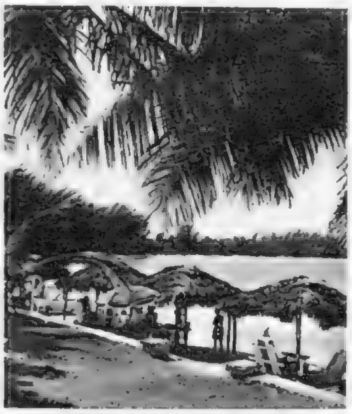

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3. Smirnoff Vodka makes a most attractive drink taken straight "à la Russe," especially when accompanied by savouries.

4. Smirnoff Vodka is made in this country according to the traditional recipe used by Pierre Smirnoff, purveyor of Vodka to the Imperial Court of Russia.

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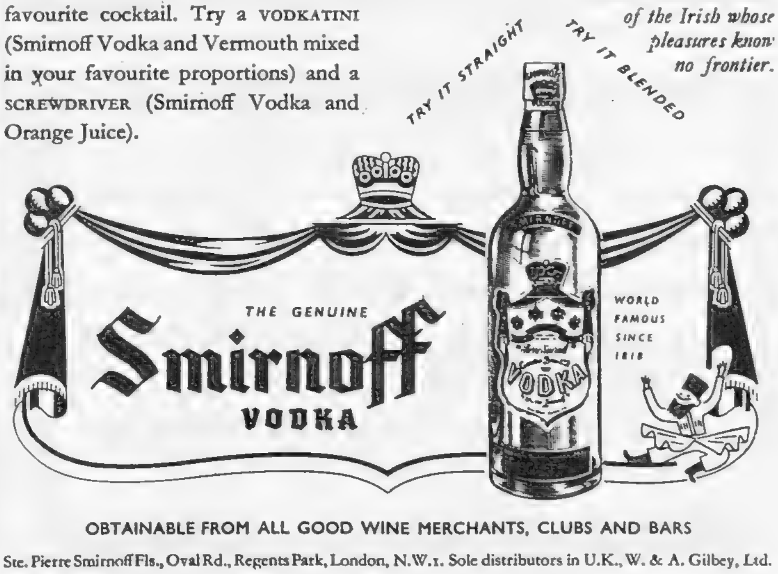
**To say nothing of the Scots, the Welsh and those of the Irish whose pleasures know no frontier.*



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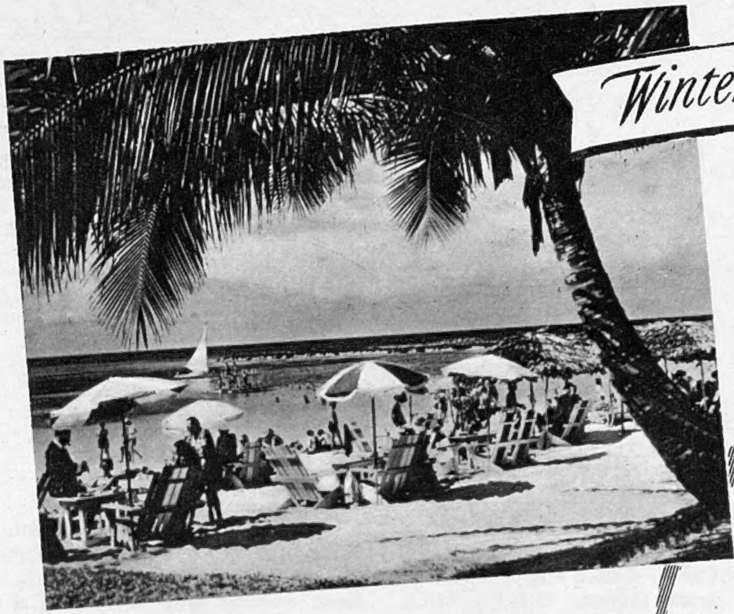

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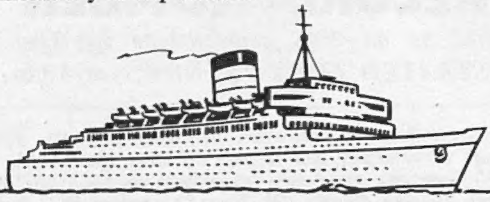

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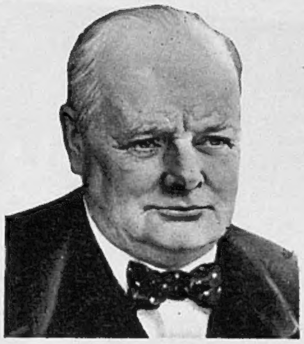

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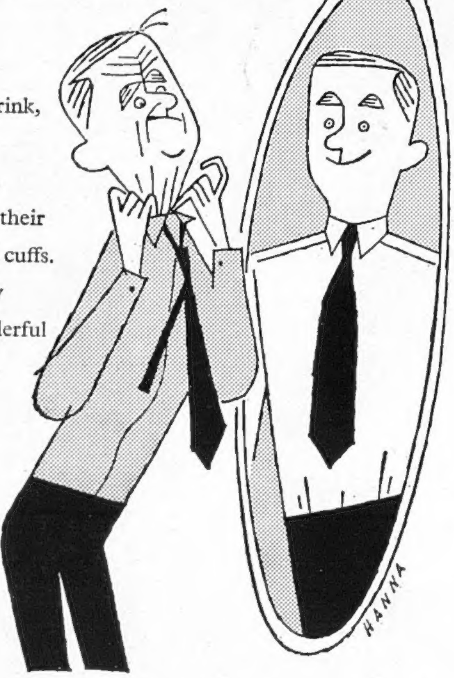

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